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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

A RE there not already anthologies enough?
Why a new one? To such inquiries
many answers might be made, but two will
sufficiently set forth the reasons why this
series is not only worth while, but why it
meets an existing demand.

Most of the authologies are costly. To own them, one must pay many dollars; not, perhaps, more dollars than they are worth, but more dollars than one may find it convenient to spare. The anthology to which this is the foreword is the least expensive work of its class. That is one of its two best reasons for the period of the control of the control of the thing. The other is that this one differs from its predecessors in aiming less at quantity than at quality.

It is impossible to make a large anthology without including many names that are not now, and never will be recorded on Fame's eternal bead roll. Perhaps some of the authors represented in these volumes may never attain that position, but the number of such is smaller than in any similar works. The Editor's plan has been to give copious extracts from the writers of admitted eminence, rather

EDITOR'S POPEWORD

than briefer selections from a host of the lesser lights of literature.

In many instances the authors now living have made their own selections, which gives special interest to the work. It is not always that an author knows what is his best, but the Editor is inclined to think that those who have named the selections by which they prefer to be represented here have chosen wisely, and to these authors the Editor gives sincere thanks. Thanks are also due to those who have approved of the selections made by the Editor; and thanks are due furthermore to the publishers who have graciously permitted the use of convrighted material.

In the case of all such material the Editor has been at pains to name the publisher so that the zeader whose appetite is whetted by the extracts will know just where to go for more. The reading appetite grows with what it feeds upon and it is our firm conviction that these selections from the works of the masters will do much to create a wider circle of readers for the writings from which they have been chosen.

Jenneth L. Gilden

JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Appison, poet, essavist and dramatist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672. His father, who later became Dean of Lichfield, instilled in his mind the love of literature. Young Addison attended first the famous Charter House School in London, and later matriculated at Oxford. Destined for the church, his talent for writing drew him into political life. His poem, "The Carapaign," celebrating the victory of Marlborough, brought bim a commissionership, and he was seldom without office until his death at Holland House, in 1719. His contributions to the "Tatler" and the "Spectator" made him the most famous essayist of his time. His writings, instructive, imbued with a cheerful philosophy, a touch of gayety here and there, and of an almost faultless diction, live as models of their kind. The papers on Milton, Sir Roger de Coverley and "The Vision of Mirza" are his most famous works.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(From the "Spectator")

WHEN I am in a serious humor I very often walk by mysel in Westminster Albery, where the gloomines of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to full the mind with a kind of melanchety, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yester-day passed a whole aftenoon in the churchyard, the closters, and the church, anusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in

those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic noems. who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

. . . The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the payement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter. After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are voiced in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be asquanted with them, he would blush at the praisewhich his friends have bestowed upon him. Therare others so exessively modes that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Epsal velevement. In the poetful quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and momments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these unimbabled mountains, which had been exercised to the amonory of persons whose bodies were bosom of the occas.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious. I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most eav and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the micf of parents upon a tempstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves. I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them. when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes. I reflect with sorrow and astonishment

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on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died vesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

(From the "Spectator") MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last

met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was: and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you (says he). I thought I had fallen into their hands last night: for I observed two or three justy black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know (continued the knight with a smile) I funcied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this

been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before? Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out (says he) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However (says the halight), if Capital Sentry will make one with us to-unorrow night, and if you will both of got the house, before it is foul, I will have my own coach in rendiness to altend you, for John tells me has see the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear. we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seuted him hetwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that be made a very proper center to a tracic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me

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that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a plece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear blan, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared mach concerned for Andromaches and a Bitle mach contend of the play would call the structure of the play remained to the second of the property of the play remained to this what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me ir the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself. Av. do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination. that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray (says he), you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckity begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well (says the kuight, sitting down with great satisfaction). I suppose we are now to see fixerbor's ghost!. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the vidow. He made, indeed, all time sited as to one of he pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astynanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, shough, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Herntlone's going off with a menance to Pyrrhus, the andlence gave a loud dap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young bagmage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir. Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you (says he), though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive car towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit. he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his

JOSEPH ADDISON

entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my part, not only with the performance of the excellent plece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

SIR ROGER AS A HOST

(From the "Spectator")

AVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir-Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor. lets me rise and so to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the rentlemen of the country come to see him he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

"I am the more at case in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sobers, still persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom change; his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his well-de-change for his brother, his butter is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of

a privy councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in his old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard for his past services, though he

has been useless for several years.

"I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all hiservants.

"My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very pruden man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they, have often heard their master talk of me as of las

particular friend."

"My chief companion when Sir Roger is diverting thinself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaphia above thy years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and amoves that he is very much in the old knight?

JOSEPH ADDISON

esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as relation than a dependent.

"I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other mer. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned: and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table: for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon, 'My friend (said Sir Roger) found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have set upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. "Ie has now been with me thirty years; and though ne does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behatf of one or other of my tenants. his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the

decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they append to me. At his first settling with me, I ands him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sanday be would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into send a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.³⁰

Sir Roger's picture gallery is an interesting portion of his ancient mansion. There is one picture in it which has reference to his own personal history:

"At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery, The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting floure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master."

But the gallery is chiefly filled with the portraits of the old De Coverleys. There we have the haight in buff of the days of Elinabeth, who won "a maid of honor, the greatest beauty of per thine," in a consequent of the period of the perio

"This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honor of our house. Sir Humphrey de Coverley: he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dving day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the spares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties, many years after the sum he simed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent

old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

The ghosts which used to haunt Sir Roger's mansion were laid, even in his time, by a good orthodox

process:

"My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room, one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family,"

But the belief in apparitions was not passed away. The haunted ruins are described by Addison with

his usual grace:

"At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an did abbey, there is a long walk of aged clims, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be with the series of the contract of the cont

JOSEPH ADDISON

language of the Paslins, feedeth the young raversa that cell upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being hauntled; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of its wits by a spirit that appeared to bim in the shape of z black horse without a head; to which be added, that down a month ago one of our men and the property beard such a restling among the busbes that she let it full."

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

(From the "Spectator")

AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution it would be the hest method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it buts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village, A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the

churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

"My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise giren a handsome pulpid-colth, and ruiled in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that his coning to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular: and that in order to make them kneed, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itherant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purposes, the property of the country for the purpose of the country for the purpose of the country churches that I have ever heard.

"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short map at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer: and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

"I was yesterday very much surprised to hear of my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he weas about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his beels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not politic enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that never have been applied to the property of the contacter make his friends observe these little singularities as folis that rather set off than blemish his rood qualities.

"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till. Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his sent in the chancel between a double row of his tennis, that stand bowing to him on each sides; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the respon that is shouch.

"The chapiain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has heen pleased with a hoy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a filleth of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young follows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has younged to the church service, he was the perfect of the church service, he will be very old, to bestor it according to merit.

"The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the 'squire, who

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preacting at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to clurch. The 'squire has made all his teamts atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinsutes to tiens, in almost every sermon, that he is a better must than its parton. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his continuous to the parson in the parson in the parson in the parson to the parson through the parton in the parson to the parson through the parton in the parson that the squire has no said his best of the parson to provide the parson through the parson to provide parson to the parson through the parton to provide parson to the parson parson to the

"Fends of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be desized with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of leneraing; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soewer it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of the bunded a

year who do not believe it."



ÆSCHVIJIS

Alkarivus, the greatest name in Greek dream, was born at Eleusis, 525 n. We fought against the Persian invaders, greatly distinguishing himself of Marathon, and at Salamis the years later. This lent coloring to one of the poet's most striking pictures in "The Persians." He first appeared in the role of tragedy when twenty-six. His dramas were produced in rapid succession, but only seven survive. He died 469 a.c. The Middle Ages paid the most profound reverence to his name.

THE COMPLAINT OF PROMETHEUS

From "Prometheus Bound," Translation of Elizabeth Barrett

PROMETHEUS (ALONE)

O Holy Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
And River-wells, and laughter innumerous
Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I ery on you,—
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,

I wrestle down the myriad years of Time! Behold, how fast around me The new King of the happy ones sublime fles flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bund me!

Woe, woe! to-day's woe and coming morrow's

I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?

And yet what word do I say? I have be-ekhnown. Clearly all things that should be in rolking done Comes sudden to my sonl—and I must bear What Is ordnined with patience, being aware Necessity doth front the universe With an invincible gesture. Yet this carses Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave In allence or in speech. Because I gave Honore to mortals, I have yoked my soul To this compelling fatts. Because I stole The server found to fire, whose bubbles went Over the fervaled's brinn, and maxward send have the supplied to the server to ferval part of the perfect rediment, and the property of the property o

Ah, ah me! what a sound,
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseem
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between.

Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has hebound,

To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain— Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god Zeus hateth sore, And his gods hate again, As many as tread on his glorified floor,

Because I loved mortals too much evermore.

Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,

As of birds flying near!

As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings

And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

A PRAYER TO ARTEMIS

(From Miss Swanwick's Translation of "The Suppliants";

Though Zeus plan all things right, Yet is his heart's desire full hard to trace;

MESCHYLUS

Nathless in every place
Brightly it gleameth, e'en in darkest night,
Fraught with black fate to man's speech-gifted race,

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Steadfast, ne'er thrown in fight,
The deed in brow of Zeus to ripeness brought;
For wrapt in standowy night,
Tangled, unscanned by mortal sight,
Extend the pathways of his secret thought,

STROPER V.

From towering hopes mortals he harleth prone
To utter doom: but for their fall
No force arrayeth he; for all
That gods devise is without effort wrought.
A mindful Spirit aloft on holy throne
By inborn energy achieves his thought.

ANTISTROPHE V.

But let him mortal insolence behold:— How with proud contumacy rife, Wantons the stem in lusty life My marriage craving;—frenzy over-bold, Spur ever-pricking, goads them on to fate, By ruin taught their folly all too late,

STROPITE VI

Thus I complain, in piteous strain, Grief-laden, tear-evoking, shrill; Ah woc is me! woe! woe! Ingellike it sounds; mine own death-trill I pour, yet breathing vital air. Hear, hill-crowned Aplu, hear my prayerf Full well. O land.

My voice barbaric thou canst understand;
While oft with rendings I assail
My byssine vesture and Sidonian veil.

A PRAYER TO ARTEMIS

ANTISTROPHE VI.

My nuptial right in Heaven's pure sight Pollution were, death-laden, rude; Ah wee is met weel wee! Alas for sorrow's murky brood! Where will this billow hurl me? Where? Hear, bill-crowned Apla, hear my prayer!

Full well, O land,
My voice barbaric thou caust understand;
While off with rendings I assail
My byssine vesture and Sidonian vell.

STROPHE VII.

The our indeed and home with sails Flact-issued, swelled with favoring gales, Stanch to the wave, from spear-storm free, Have to this shore excerted me. Not so far blame I destruct But may the all-seeing Pather send In fitting time propitions enal; So our drend Mother's mightly broad The lovelly couch may 'sceppe, ah me, Unwedded, unsubdued!

and the second

ANTISTICELLE VII.
Meeting my will with will divine,
Daugiter of Zeus, who here dost hold
Steadfast by secred shrine—
Me, Artemis unstained, behold.
Do thou, who severeign might dost wield,
Virgin thyself, a virgin shield;
So our dread Mother's mighty broad
The lordly couch may 'scape, alt me,
Unwedded, unsubdoeld, unsubdoeld,

ASCHYLUS.

THE VISION OF CASSANDRA CASSANDRA.

(From Edward Pitzgerald's Version of " Agamemnon")

Phœbus Apollo!

CHORUS.

Hork! The lips at last unlocking.

CASSANDRA. Phobling! Phobling!

CHORUS.

Well, what of Phrebus, maiden? though a name 'Tis but disparagement to call upon In misery.

CARSANDRA.

Apollo! Apollo! Again! Oh, the burning arrow through the brain! Phæbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHIOMIS.

Seemingly Possessed indeed-whether by-

CARSANDRA.

Phrebus! Phrebus!

Through trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain, Over water secthing, and behind the breathing War-horse in the darkness-till you rose again, Took the helm-took the rein-

CHIORUS.

As one that balf asleep at dawn recalls A night of Horror!

THE VISION OF CASSANDRA

CASSANDRA.

Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom, Leading me, lighting me-

CHORUS.

I can answer that-

CASSANDRA.

Down to what slaughter-house! Foh! the smell of carnage through the door 'cares me from it—drags me toward it— Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems, That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault— This is no den of slaughter, but the house Of Agamemnon.

CASSANDRA.

Down upon the towers,

Phantoms of two mangled children hover—and a
famished man,

At an cunty table charing, seless and decours!

CITORIUS

Thyestes and his children! Strange enough For any maiden from abroad to know, Or, knowing—

CASSANDRA

And look! in the chamber below The terrible Woman, listening, watching, Under a mask, preparing the blow In the fold of her robe—

PECUNTIN

CHORITE

Nav. but again at fault: For in the tracic story of this House-Unless, indeed the fatal Helen-No woman-

CASSANTONA.

No Woman...Tisinhone! Daughter Of Tartarus-love-orinning Woman above. Dragon-tailed under-honey-tangued, Harnyclawed

Into the glittering meshes of slaughter She wheedles, entices him into the poisonous Fold of the serpent-

CHORUS.

Peace, mad woman, peace! Whose stony lips once open vomit out Such uncouth horrors.

CARRANCINO A.

I tell you the lioness

Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane, Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing, Bounds hither-Phebus Apollo, Apollo, Apollo! Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire. Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire. From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne in-

sulted shrine. Slave-like to be butchered, the daughter of a royal linet

ÆSOP.

Esor, famed for his fables, flourished about 606 n.c. He was by birth a Phrygian, but for several years he lived as a slave in Greece, where his fame was made as a writer. Invited by Cresus, the Lydian king, Æsop passed his last days at the court of that famous monarch.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN

A N Ass, finding the skin of a Lion, put it on, and, going into the woods and pastares, three all the focks and herds into a terrible consternation. At last, meeting his owner, be would have frightened him also; but the good man, seeing his long ears stick out, presently knew him, and with a good cutged mattle him sensible that, notwithstanding his being dressed in a Lion's skin, he was really no more than an Ass.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A WOLF, clothing himself in the skin of a sinep, and getting in among the fock, by this means took the opportunity to devour many of them. At alst the shepherd discovered him, and cunningly fastening a rope about his neck, tied him to a tree which stood hard by. Some other shepherds happening to pass that way, and observing what he was about, drew near, and expressed their admiration at it. "What it way on our of them," brother, do you make

hanging of a sheep?" "No," replied the other, "nut I make hanging of a Wolf whenever I catch him, though in the habit and garb of a sheep." Then he showed them their mistake, and they applauded the justice of the execution.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THI

N honest, plain, sensible Country Mouse is said to have entertained at his hole one day a fine Mouse of the Town. Having formerly been playfellows together, they were old acquaintances, which served as an apology for the visit. However, as master of the house, he thought himself obliged to do the honors of it in all respects, and to make as great a stranger of his guest as he possibly could. In order to do this he set before him a reserve of delicate gray pease and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and, to crown all with a dessert, a remnant of a charming mellow apple. In good manners, he forebore to cat any himself, lest the stranger should not have enough; but that he might seem to bear the other company, sat and nibbled a piece of a wheaten straw very busily. At last, says the spark of the town: "Old erony, give me leave to be a little free with your how can you bear to live in this nasty, dury, melancholy hole here, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do not you prefer the conversation of the world to the chirping of birds, and the splendor of a court to the rude aspect of an uncultivated desert? Come, take my word for it, you will find it a change for the better. Never stand considering, but away this moment. Remember, we are not immortal, and therefore have no time to lose. Make sure of to-day, and

spend it as agreeably as you can; you know not what may happen to-morrow." In short, these and such like arguments prevailed, and his Country Acquaintance was resolved to go to town that night. So they both set out upon their journey together, proposing to speak in after the close of the evening They did so; and about midnight made their entry into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment the day before, and several tit-bits, which some of the servants had purloined, were hid under the seat of a window. The Country Guest was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet: and now it was the Courtier's turn to entertain; who indeed acquitted himself in that capacity with the utmost readiness and address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting everything first as judiciously, as any clerk of the kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself like a delighted epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs; when on a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door made them start from their seats and scuttle in confusion about the dining-room. Our Country Friend, in particular, was ready to die with fear at the barking of a buge mastiff or two, which opened their throats just about the same time, and made the whole house echo. At last, recovering himself :- "Well," says he, "if this be your town-life, much good may you do with it; give me my poor, quiet hole again, with my bomely but comfortable gray pease,"

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

AS a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling at some distance down the stream. Having made up his utind to seize her, he bethought husself how he might justify his violence. "Villain!" soil he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb, humbly, i' I do not see how I can distrib the water, share it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be at as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was hat a year age that you called me ill names." "Oh, Sir," said the Lamb, trenbling, "a year age I was not horn." "Well," replied the Wolf, "It was not horn." "Well," replied the Wolf, "It was not horn." "All, "replied the Wolf, "It was not horn." "All, "replied the Wolf, "It was not horn." "All, and the same hat all the same just And without another word in fell upon the pose helples Lamb, and tore her to tieses.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

(Translation of James))

A HUSBANDMAN who had a quarrelsome fama.

By, after baving tried invain to reconcile them
by words, thought he might more readily prevail by
an example. So he called his sons and hade them lay
a bundle of stdels before him. Then having tited
them up into a figot, he told the lads, one after
another, to take it my ned break it. They all tried,
them the stdels to break one by one. This they did
with the greatest case. Then said the father: "Thus,
my soms, as long as you reamin united, you are a
match for all your enemies; but differ and separate,
and you are undone."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, poet, journalist and novelist, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836; came to New York as a young man and engaged in business: while there began writing for periodicals. He was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" from 1883 to 1892. His best known poems are "The Bells," "Flower and Thorn," "Mercedes," and those given below.

BABY BELL

The poems of T. B. Aldrich are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with Houghton, Mittin & Co., publishers.)

HAVE you not heard the poets tell I How came the dainty Baby Bell Into this world of ours? The gates of heaven were left a jar: With folded hands and dreamy eyes, Wandering out of Paradise, She saw this planet, like a star, Hung in the glistening depths of even-Its bridges, running to and fro. O'er which the white-winged Angels go. Bearing the holy Dead to heaven. She touched a bridge of flowers-those feet So light they did not bend the bells Of the celestial asphodels, They fell like dew upon the flowers:

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Then all the air grew strangely sweet, And thus came dainty Baby Bell Into this world of ours.

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She came and brought delicious May, the swallows built beneath the surlike swallows built beneath the sur-Like swalleght, in and out the leaves The tubias wear, the livelong day. The lily swung its noiseless bell; And on the porch the slender vine Hold out its cups of fairy wine. How tenderly the twillights fell! Oh, earth was full of singing birds And opening springtible flowers. When the dainty Bably Bells,

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O Baby, dainty Baby Bell, How fair she grew from day to day! What woman nature filled her eyes, What poetry within them lay-Those deep and tender twilight eyes, So full of meaning, pure and bright As if she yet stood in the light Of those oped gates of Paradise, And so we loved her more and morey Ah, never in our hearts before Was love so lovely born. We felt we had a link between This real world and that unseen-The land beyond the morn: And for the love of those dear eyes. For love of her whom God led forth, (The mother's being ceased on earth When Baby came from Paradisc.)-

BARY BELL

For love of Him who smote our lives, And woke the chords of joy and pain, We said, Dear Christ I—our hearts bowed dows Like violets after rain.

.

And now the orchards, which were white And pink with blossoms when she came. Were rich in antumn's mellow prime: The clustered apples burnt like flame. The folded chestnut burst its shell, The grapes hung purpling, range on ranges And time wrought just as rich a change In little Baby Bell, Her lissome form more perfect grew, And in her features we could trace. In softened curves, her mother's face, Her angel nature ripened too: We thought her lovely when she came, But she was holy, saintly now. . . . Around her pale, angelic brow We saw a slender ring of flame,

\mathbf{v}

God's hand had taken away the seal That held the portals of her speech; And oft she said a few strange words Whose meaning lay beyond our reach. She never was a child to us, We never held her being's key; We could not teach her holy things Who was Christ's self in purity.

VZ

It came upon us by degrees, We saw its shadow ere it fell— The knowledge that our God had sent His messenger for Baby Bell.

THOMAS BAILEY LEGRICH

We shuddered with unlanguaged pain, And all our bopes were changed to fears, And all our thoughts ran into tears Like sunshine thot rain. We cried aloud in our bellef, "Oh, smite us gently, goal!, God! Teach us to bend and kiss the rod, And perfect gove through gridle; And perfect gove through gridle; Her heart was folded deep in ours. Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

3711

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wore the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

PRESCIENCE

THE new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west, And my betrothed and I in the churenyard paused to rest: Happy maid and lover, dreaming the old dream

The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

SWEETHEART, SIGH NO MORE

And lo! in the meadow sweet was the grave of a little child.

With a crumbling stone at the feet, and the ivy running wild:

Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound
un-biled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung

to me,

And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I

did not see:

Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—

Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was

to be!

SWEETHEART, SIGH NO MORE

IT was with doubt and trembling I whispered in her ear. Go, take her answer, bird-on-bough, That all the world may hear— Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,

Upon the wayside tree,

How fair she is, how true she is,

How dear she is to me—

Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, and through the summer long
The winds among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song—
Swetheart, sigh no more!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

William Allingham, born in Ireland in 1828; died 1889. He removed to England and became editor of "Fraser's Magnaine." He was the author of numerous poems. "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland" and "Day and Night Songs" are the best known.

THE RUINED CHAPEL

(From "Day and Night Songs")

BY the shore, a plot of ground, Clips a ruined chapel round, Buttressed with a grassy mound; Where Day and Night and Day go by And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze;
Day and Night and Day go by

To the endless tune of these.

Or, when, as winds and waters keep A hush more dead than any sleep, Still morns to stiller evenings creep, And Day and Night and Day go by; Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
As Day and Night and Day go by;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed; Now the graves are also dead;

ROBIN REDBLEAST

And suckers from the ash-tree spread, While Day and Night and Day go by; And stars move calmly overhead.

SONG

(From "Day and Night Songe")

SPIRIT of the Summer-time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant cline,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun; The gilded evenings calm and late, When weary children homeward run, And peeping stars hid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent Of meadow-lands at dewy prime; Oh, bring again my heart's content, Thou spirit of the Summer-time!

THE BUBBLE

(From "Ballads and Songa")

CEE the pretty planet!

Floating sphere!

Faintest breeze will fan it

Far or near:

World as fight as feather; Moonshine rays, Rainbow tints together, As it plays.

ROBIN REDBREAST

COOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

The garden smilling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redhreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly

In the falling of the year,

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
18's astumn, autumn autumn late,
"Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear,
And what will this poor Robin do?
For sinching days are near.

The freside for the cricket,
The wheet-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

HANG CHRISTIAN ANDRIBEN, poet, drematist and story-writer, born at Odense, Demants, in 1803; died at Copenhagen in 1875. From his early youth he was a maker of tales, and on the banks of the silver Odense River he walked and dreamed of the days of old, and the framous days to come. Primarily a writer of tales for children, his work continued to the control of the

THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR

A BOUT one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor-house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, but only in the summer season, a rich and courtly family. This manor-house was the best and the most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had just been cast in a foundry, and within at was comfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skilful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flowergarden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original

garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might always think that a storm or waterspout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a hird's nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the mapor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manorthese were nothing to them; but they have with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' backbones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying, "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, who well would seek another place. But he never could be miduced either to give up the trees or the swar for foldies the manor could not spare them, as they were relies of the good old times, that ought also,

to be kept in remembrance.

"The 'trees are the birds' heritage by this time," add the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that for 'trey little consequence in this story, "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orehard, and the little-n-garden?" He cared for them, be kept them in order and eulivited them they did not conceal from him that they often have they did not conceal from him that they often haved fruits and saw offwores in clother houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a seve trial to the gardener, who shaws a while to do seve trial to the gardener, who shaws a wheel to do

the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and nears which were so jujey and well-flavored that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town, and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor-garden, beyond what was needed by the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit-dealer where he had found those apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruitdears, which he recognized. Now, how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and told him that the apples and pears were from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit-dealer?" And that he could; and brought him a written certificate.

"This is certainly wonderful!" said the family. And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bashes and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the elty and country—nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener, there said that the last two seasons had been rether said that the last two seasons had been re-

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markably favorable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had caten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well-flavored; they came from his maiestv's green-house.

"You must go and see the court-gardener, and

let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melonseeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted. "But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer,

"Each particular meion was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them, and ordered from me three of them for the eastle."

"Larsea do not pretend to say that those were

melons from our garden."

"Really I dave say as much," said the gardene,
"Really I dave say as much," side the gardene,
"A say it is a say in the say in the say it is a written or tiffere to a the effect that the motor
a written continued to a the effect that the motor
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as written or the say in the same way as the section of the say in the same way as had been
done with the slips, which they were now hearing
had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent
hid. The fruit was named after the manor, and
the name was written in English, German and
French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeness in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that be did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all the best. All other kinds of fruit were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not eneced, they only explore of them, and not of other good things he had epoke of them, and not of other good things he had

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying: "It won't turn out well this year, little Larsen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say, "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colors by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have a good taste, Larsen," said the owner.
"But that is a gift from our Lord, not from your-self."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower, as large as a sunflawer.

"The sacred lotes of Hindontan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the smathe, and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rave; and that said of the same that the same that is a such as a such as and kind-hearted princes. The lord of the manor deemed it an honor to present her with the flower, and the princes took it with her to the castle.

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Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos.

"I have been looking for it in vain," said he.
"I went into the conservatory, and round about the

flower-garden."

"No, it is not there," said the gardener. "It is nothing clse than a common flower from the kitchengarden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it were the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke."

"You should have told us that at the time," said the master. "We supposed, of course, that it was a stringe and rare flower. You have made us ridiculeus in the eyes of the young princest is such that the eyes of the young princest is saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not how the flower, and she is versel in botany, too; but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawfur-poon? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchengarden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well exprimended for it.

"That was a pily," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the articloke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke-flower.

a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the mas-

ter: "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great erger of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew, with all their birds' nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the contraction of the winds and crows, beating their wings

"Now I suppose you are happy, Lausen," said the master; "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sort for it."

The gardener said nothing, but be thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty, sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of lox, that was cut into faneful shanes.

From he set out a multilated of plonts that were more than the set out a multilated of plonts that were more than the set of the set

them looked as if they were children of the palmtree; others, as if they were parents of the palmtree; others, as if they were parents of the proper plants called "Venus's golden looks" or "Maidenhalt." Here stood the despised burdock, which so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in the beautiful in the puriode stood in a dry place, but below, in the moist soil, grew the cole's-foot, also have been a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with tall stem and large leaf. Like a candicalbrum with flower over against flower, rose the mullcin, a mere of field plant. Here stood the woodwood and the line fled plant. Here stood the woodwood and the line three-leaved wood-sord. It was a wonder to see all this beautiful

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juter fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old, leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Damoebrog was displayed; and near-by stood another pole, where the iop-tendril in summer or pareset-time wound its fragrenat flowers; but in fastened to it, that the birds of the air night find fastened to it, that the birds of the air night find here a good meal in the hauve Christians-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful,

and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Year's of the old manor, with the flagstaff and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many sood neonle like them.

Yes, that is the story of the Gardener of the Manor. Now you may think a little about it.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

TT was very cold, the snow fell, and it was almost anite dark: for it was evening-yes, the last evening of the year. Amid the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets. It is true, she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had hitherto been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street, to avoid two carriages that were driving very quickly past. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the the other was pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own. So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet that were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything from her the whole livelong day; nobody had even given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long, flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls around her throat; but she heeded them not now. Lights were streaming from all the

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windows, and there was a savory smell of roast goose; for it was New Year's Evc. And this she did heed.

So at 'but she drew one out. All how it shades apparels, and how it burns it is gave out a ware, bright fame, like a little candle, as she held brightner over it—truly it was a wonderful little sight! It really seemed to the little girl as if she were slitting before a large from store, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire hurned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when the polished brass is the stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when the polished brass is the stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when the polished but he little half-burned makeh is now head.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it show upon the wall, the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dimen-zervice, while a root goose stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savory funes. And what was more delightful still to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and weddled along the ground with a knift and fork in the breast, up to the

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL

poor girl. The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, danny wall.

She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree, that was larger, and more superbly decked, than even the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. A thousand taners burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on shields, seemed to be looking down upon her. She stretched out her hands, but the match then went out. The Christmas lights kept rising higher and blober They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girlfor her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that, when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all round; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out-you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast coose, and the fine, large Christmas-tree!" And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday. Her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her grus, and both flew mowards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; where there was no rain, no snow, or stormy wind, but calm, sunny days, the whole year round.

But, in the cold dawn, the poor girl might be seen

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leaning against the well, with red checks and smilling mouth; she had been frozen on the last night of the old year. The new year's sun shone upon the little dead girl. She sat still holding the matches, not hundle of which was burned. People said: "She tried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the fried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the had entered, along with her grandmother, upon the jors of the New Year.

THE SHADOW

IN the hot countries the sun burns very strongly: I there the people become quite mahogany brown, and in the very hottest countries they are even burned into negroes. But this time it was only to the hot countries that a learned man out of the cold regions had come. He thought he could roam about there just as he had been accustomed to do at home: but he soon altered his opinion. He and all sensible people had to remain at home, where the windowshutters and doors were shut all day long, and it looked as if all the inmates were asleep or had some out. The narrow street with the high houses in which he lived was, however, built in such a way that the sun shone upon it from morning till evening: it was really quite unbearable! The learned man from the cold regions was a young man and a clever man: it seemed to him as if he were sitting in a glowing oven that exhausted him greatly, and he became quite thin; even his Shadow shriveled up and became much smaller than it had been at home; the sun even took the Shadow away, and it did not return till the evening, when the sun went down. It was really a pleasure to see this. As soon as a light was brought into the room the Shadow stretched itself quite up the wall, farther even than

the ceiling, so tall did it make itself; it was obliged to stretch to get strength again. The learned man went out into the balcony to stretch himself, and as soon as the stars came out in the beautiful clear sky, he felt himself reviving. On all of the balconies in the streets-and in the hot countries there is a balcony to every window-young people now appeared, for one must breathe fresh air, even if one has got used to becoming mahogany brown; then it became lively above and below; the tinkers and tailors-by which we mean all kinds of people-sat below in the street; then tables and chairs were brought out, and candles burned, yes, more than a thousand candles: one talked and then sang, and the neonle walked to and fro; carriages drove past, mules trotted "Kling-ling-ling!" for they had bells on their harness; dead people were buried with soleron songs; the church bells rang, and it was indeed very lively in the street. Only in one house, just opposite to that in which the learned man dwelt, it was quite quiet, and yet somebody lived there, for there were flowers upon the balcony, blooming beautifully in the hot sun, and they could not have done this if they had not been watered, so that some one must have watered them; therefore, there must be people in that house. Towards evening the door was half opened, but it was dark, at least in the front room; further back, in the interior, music was heard. The strange learned man thought this music very levely, but it was quite possible that he only imagined this, for out there in the hot countries he found everything requisite, if only there had been no sun. The stranger's landlord said that he did not know who had taken the opposite houseone saw nobody there, and so far as the music was concerned, it seemed very monotonous to him.

"It was just," he said, "as if some one sat there, always practicing a piece that he could not manage

-always the same piece. He seemed to say, 'I shall manage it, after all; ' but he did not manage it, how-

ever long he played."

Will the stranger awake at night? He slept with the balcony door open; the wind lifted up the curtain before it, and he fancied that a wonderful radiance came from the balcony of the house opposite' all the flowers appeared like flames of the roosi enreeous colors, and in the midst, among the flowers, stood a beautiful slender maiden; it seemed as if a radiance came from her also. His eyes were quitt dazzled; but he had only opened them too wide just when he awoke out of his sleep. With one leap he was out of bed; quite quietly he crept behind the curtain; but the maiden was gone, the splendor was gone, the flowers gleamed no longer, but stood there as beautiful as ever. The door was a jar, and from within sounded music, so lovely, so charming, that one fell into sweet thought at the sound. It was just like magic work. But who lived there? Where was the real entrance? for towards the street and towards the lane at the side the whole ground floor was shop by shop, and the people could not always run through there.

Once evening the stranger sat upon his balcony; in the room just behind him a light was burning, and so it was quite natural that his Shadow fell upon the wall of the opposite house; yes, it sat just among the flowers on the balcony, and when the stranger moved his Shadow moved too.

"I think my Shadow is the only living thing we see yonder," said the learned man. "Look how gracefully it sits among the flowers. The door is only ajar, but the Shadow ought to be sensible enough to walk in and look around, and then come back and tell me what it has seen.

"Yes, you would thus make yourself very useful," said he, as if in sport. "Be so good as to slip in. Now, will you go?" And then he nodded at the Shadow, and the Shadow nodded back at him. "Now go, but don' stay away altogether."

And the stranger stood up, and the Shadow on the bulcomy opposite stood up too, and the stranger moved around, and if any one had noticed closely by would have remarked how the Shadow went away in the same moment, straight through the halfopened door of the opposite house, as the stranger returned into his room and let the curtain fall.

Next morning the learned man went out to drink

coffee and read the papers.

"What is this?" said he, when he came out into the sunshine. "I have no Shadow! So it really went away yesterday evening, and did not come back; that's very tiresome."

And that fretbad him, but not so much because the Shadow was gone as because be knew that there was a story of a man without a shadow. All the people in the house knew this story, and if the learned man came home and told his own history, they would say that it was only an initiation, and would not speak of it at all, and that was a very sensible idea or his.

In the evening he again went out on his baleony, he had placed the light behind him, for he knew that a shadow always wants lis master for a screen, but he could not conx it forth. He made himself little, he made himself long, but there was no shadow, and no shadow came. He said, "Here, here!" but that did no good.

That was vexatious, but in the warm countries everything grows very quickly, and after the lapse of a week he remarked to his great joy that a new shadow was growing out of his legs when he went into the sunshine, so that the root must have remained behind. After three weeks he had outfue a

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respectable shadow, which, when he started on his return to the North, grew more and more, so that at last it was so long and great that he could very well have parted with half of it.

When the learned man got home he wrote books about what is true in the world, and what is good, and what is pretty; and days went by, and years

went by, many years.

He was one evening sitting in his room when there came a quiet little knock at the door. "Come in!" said he; but nobody came. Then he opened the door, and there stood before him such a remarkably thin man that he felt quite uncomfortable. This man was, however, very respectably dressed; he looked sike a man of standing.

"Whom have I the honor to address?" asked the

professor.

And he rattled a number of valuable charms, shich hung by his watch, and put his hand upon the thick gold chain he wore round his neck; and how the diamond rings glittered on his fingers! and everything was real!

"No, I cannot regain my self-possession at all!" said the learned man. "What's the meaning of all

"Nothing common," said the Shadow. "But you yourself don't belong to common folks; and I have, as you very well know, trodden in your footsteps from my childhood upwards. As soon as I found

THE SHADOW

that I was experienced enough to find my was through the world alone, I went away. I am in the most brilliant circumstances; but I was sched with a kind of longing to see you once more before you die, and I wanted to see these regions once more, for one always holds by one's fatherland. I know that you have got another shatfor: have I arything to pay to it, or to you? You have only to tell

"Is it really you?" said the learned man. "Why, that is wonderful! I should never have thought that I should ever meet my old Shadow as a man!"

"Only tell me what I have to pay," said the Shadow, "for I don't like to be in any one's debt."

"How can you talk in that way?" said the learned
man. "Of what debt can there be a question here?
You are as free as any one! I am exceedingly
pleased at your good fortune! Sit down, old friend,
and tell me a little how it has happened, and what
you saw in the warm countries, and in the house opposite ours."

"Yes, that I will tell you," said the Shadow; and it sat down. "But then you must promise me never to tell any one in this town, when you meet me, that I have been your Shadow! I have the intention of engaging myself to be married; I can do more than support a family."

"Be quite easy," replied the learned man; "I will tell nobody who you really are. Here's my hand. I promise it, and my word's as good as my bond."

"A Shadow's word in return!" sold the Shadow for he was obligated to talk in that way. But by the way, It was quite wonder'n! how complete a man he had become. He was dressed all in black, and all in black, and that that could be crushed together till it was nothing but crown and rim, besides what we have already motived that the sold became the way that we have already motived that the sold became the sold in the sold in

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chain, and the diamond rings. The Shadow was indeed wonderfully well clothed; and it was just this that made a complete man of him.

"Now I will tell you," said the Shadow; and then he not down his polished boots as firmly as he could on the arm of the learned nam's new shadow that ply like a pooled dog at his feet. This was done parhape from pride, perinaps so that the new shadow might attict to his feet; has the prostrate shadow remained quite quiet, so that it might listen well, for the work of the wore

up to be one's own master.

"Do you know who lived in the house opposite to us?" asked the Shadow. "That was the most glorious of all; it was Poorty! I was there for three weeks, and that was just as if one had lived there a thousand years, and could read all that has been written and composed. For this I say, and it is written and composed. For this I say, and it law there?" "Description of the work of the wor

"Poetry!" cried the learned man. "Yes, she often lives as a hermit in great cities. Poetry! Yes, I myself saw her for one shaple brief moment, but sleep was heavy on my eyes: she stood on the balcomy, gleaming as the Northern Light gleams, flowers with living flames. Tell me! tell me! You were upon the balcomy. You went through the door, and them—"

ancienty. To twent carrough not once and transmired with the properties of the control of the control of the "You sat oppositie, and were always looking across at the anteroom. There was no light; a kind of semi-obscurity reigned there; but one door after another in a whole row of halls and rooms stood open, and there it was light; and the mass of light would have killed me if I had got as far as to write the control of the control of

"And what dids" thou see then?" asked the

"I saw everything, and I will tell you what; but— & is really not pride on my part—as a free man, and with the acquirements I possess, besides my good position and my remarkable fortune, I wish you would saw you to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the learned man. This then is an old habit, and old habits are difficult to alter. You are perfectly right, and I will remember it. But now tell me everything you saw."

it. But now tell me everything you saw,"

"Everything," said the Shadow; "for I saw everything, and I know everything."

"How did things look in the inner room?" asked the learned man. "Was it there as in a cool grave? Was it there like in a holy temple? Were the chambers like the starry sky, when one stands on the high mountains?"

"Everything was there," said the Shadow. "I was certainly not quite inside; I remained in the front room, in the half-darkness; but I stood there remarkably well. I saw everything and know everything. I have been in the anteroom at the Court of Poetry."

"But what did you see? Did all the gods of antiquity march through the halls? Did the old heroes fight there? Did lovely children play there, and relate their dreams?"

late their dreams?"

"I tell you that I have been there, and so you will easily understand that I saw everything that was to be seen. If you had got there you would not have renained a man; but I became one, and at the same time I learned to understand my inner being and the relation in which I stood to Foetry. Yee, when I was with you, I did not think of these things; but you know that wenever the same time I saw worderfully great. In the most-shield not then understanded by the you you got the same of the same worderfully great. In the most-shield not then understanded by the you you got the same you had not then understanded by the young you want to be a net you had not then understanded by the young you want to be a net you had not then understanded by the young the young the young the same young the young that you had young the young they want to have you want to have young the young they want to have young the young the young the young they want to have young the young they want to have young they want they want to have young the young they want to have young

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man! I came out ripe. But you were no longer in the warm countries. I was ashamed to go about as a man in the state I was then in: I required boots, clothes, and all this human varnish by which a man is known. I hid myself; yes, I can confide a secret to you-you will not put it into a book. I hid myself under the cake-woman's gown; the woman had no idea how much she concealed. Only in the evening did I go out: I ran about the streets by moonlight; I stretched myself quite long up the wall; that tickled my back quite agreeably. I ran up and down, looked through the highest windows into the halls and through the roof, where nobody could see, and I saw what nobody saw and what nobody ought to see. On the whole it is a bad world: I should not like to be a man if I were not allowed to be of some consequence. I saw the most incomprehensible things going on among men, and women, and parents, and 'dear incomparable children.' I saw what no one else knows, but what they oil would be very glad to know, namely, bad goings on at their neighbors. If I had written a newspaper how it would have been read! But I wrote directly to the persons interested, and there was terror inevery town to which I came. They were so afraid of me that they were remarkably fond of me. The professor made me a professor; the tailor gave me new clothes (I am well provided); the coining superintendent coined money for me; the women declared I was handsome: and thus I became the man I am And now, farewell! Here is my card; I live on the sunny side, and am always at home in rainy weather."

And the Shadow went away.

MICHEL ANGELO

Micner Axerto, painter, architect, sculptor, and poet, born at Caprese, Italy, 1475; dicd, 1564, at Rome. He was undoubtedly the greatest figure produced by the Italian Renaissance in the world of art. He wrote a number of poens and a series of letters that have given him a niche in the Temple of Literary Fame.

SONNETS TO VITTORIA

(Translated by J. A. Symonds)

NOW on the one foot, on the other now,
Twist vice and virtue balancing below,
Wearled and anxious in my troubled mind,
Seeking where'r I may salvation find.
Like one to whom the stars by clouds are crossed;
Who, turn which way he will, errs, and is lost.
Therefore take thom my heart's unwritten page,
And write thou on it what is wanted there;
And bold before it, in life's daily stage,
The line of a clint on which it craves in prayer.
So that, amid the errors of my youth,
My own shortonings may not hide the truth;
If humble sinners lower in heaven stood,
Than the proud doese of maperhous good.

Not all unworthy of the boundless grace. Which thou, most noble lady, hast bestowed, I fain at first would pay the debt I owed. And some small gift for thy acceptance place. But soon I felt, 't is not alone desire. That opes the way to reach an aim so high!

MICHEL ANGELO

My rash pretensions their success deny, And I grow wise while falling to aspire. And well I see how false it were to think That any work, faded and frail, of mine, Could emulate the perfect grace of thine, Genius and art and daring backward shrink; A thousand works from mortals like to me can ne'er renay what Heaven has given thes!

When godlike art has, with superior thought,
The limbs and motions in idea conceived,
A simple form, in humble day neliciered,
In the first offering into being brought.
In the first offering into being brought,
In the first offering into being brought,
In the first offering into being brought,
In promised work the presented chiefe brings,
And into life a form so graceful springs,
That none can fear for it time's rudest shock.
Such was my birth: in humble mould I lay
At first to be by thee, oh, lady bligh!
Renewed, and to a work more perfect brought;
Thou gir'st what lacking is, and filest away
All roughness: yet what tortures lie,
Fer my wild heart can be restrained and taught!

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF VIT

WHEN she, the aim of every hope and priver,
Was called by death to you celestial spheres,
Nature, who ne'er had fashloned aught so fain,
Stood there ashamed, and all who saw shed tears.
O cruel fate, quenching the dreams of love!
O empty hoped to opirit rare and bleat!
They holy thoughts have found their home above.
Yet let us think not cruel death could e'er.

ON DANTE

Have stilled the sound of all thy virtuous ways: Lethe's oblivion could extinguish nought; For, robbed of thee, a thousand records fair Speak of thee yet; and death from heaven conveys Thy powers divine, and thy immortal thought.

ON DANTE

THERE is no tongue to speak his eulogy;

I Tos brightly burned his splendor for our eyes;
Far easier to condenn his injurers,
Than for the tongue to reach his amullest worth.
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,
To teach mankind; ascending then to God,
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope,
Ungrateful land! to its own injury,
Nurse of his fatc! Well, too, does this instruct
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.
And, midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice,—
That, as his exile had no parallel,
So never was there man more great than he.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE TROUGEND AND ORT NEUTRS, commonly called "The Arabian Nights," have now delighted the Western World for two lumdred years, as they are not to the control of the world of any anti-ore, combined much in the same way as the Centerbury Tales of Chancer. All the color, the facentation of Orienta IRe, is in them, and the reader loses himself in Beached in the reims of Collabor Hamiltonian Collaboration of the Collaboration of t

THE FORTY THIEVES

THERE once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim and the other All Baba. Their father divided a small inhertance equally between them. Cassim married a very rich wife, and became a wealthy merchant. All Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood, and bringing it upon three assess into the town to sell.

One day, when All Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach him. He observed it with attention, and distinguished soon after a body of horsemen, whom he suspected night be robbers. He determined to the state of the design of

THE FORTY THIEVES

and yet enabled him to see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop, who were to the number of forty, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood, and there dismounted. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung about his neck a bagof corn which they brought behind them. Then each of them took off his saddle-bag, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver from its weight. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed, and making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words: "Open, Sesame!"* As soon as the captain of the robbers had thus spoken, a door opened in the rock; and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock, during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught,

remained in the tree.

At last the door opened again, and as the captain went in last, so he came out first, and atood to see them all pass by Mm; when All Baba heard him make the door close by pronouncing these words, "Shut, Sesame!" Every man at once went and brilded his horse, dastened his wallet, and ready, he put kinself at their head, and they recurred the way they had con-

All Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and afterward stayed a considerable time before he descended. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curtosity to try if his pronouncing them would have the same effect. Accordingly, he went among the shrubs,

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

and perceiving the door concealed behind them, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesanic!" The door instantly flew wide open.

All Baba, who expected a dark, dissual cavera, was surprised to see a well-lighted and spacious chamber, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock, and in which were all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, stuff, breende, and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags. The sight of all these riches made him suppose that this cave must have been occupied for ages by robbers, who had succeeded one another.

All Baba went boldly into the care, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his three asses could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them in such a manner that they could not be seen. When he had passed in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the door, and pronouning the words, "Sult, Sessure" the door closed of itself. He then made the best of his way to town. When All Baba set home, he drove his assess into

with All Island gibt pontie, no drove asi sisses into a little yard, shat the gates very carefully, threw off the wood that covered the panniers, covered the page into his bouse, and ranged them in order between the transport of the panniers, covered the page of the panniers of the page of the panniers of the page of the panniers of the page of the pag

keep it secret.

The wife rejoiced greatly at their good fortune, and would count all the gold piece by piece. "Wife," replied All Baba, "you do not know what undertake, when you pretend to count the money; you will never have done. I will dig a hole, and bury it. There is no time to be lost." "You are in the right, husband." replied she, "but let us

THE PORTY THIEVES

know, as nigh as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig the hole."

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law Cassim, who lived just by, and addressing herself to his wife, desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law asked her whether she would have a great or a small one. The other asked for a small one. She hade her stay a little, and she would readily fetch one.

The sister-in-law did so, but as she knew All Baba's poverty, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and artfully putting some suct at the bottom of the measure, brought it to her, with an excuse that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she could not find it scorer.

All Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the leap of gold, filled it, and empited it often upon the softs, till abe had done, when she was very well satisfied to find the number of measures amounted to an many as they did, and went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While All Baba was burying the gold, his wife, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-lenv, carried the measure back again, but without taking notice that a piece of gold had tube to the bottom. "Sistent a piece of gold had tube to the bottom." Sistent a piece of gold had tube to the bottom. "Sistent and the sister of the sister of the sister of the 1 laws not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for its and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassin's looked at the bottom of the measure, and was in inexpressible surprise to find a piece of gold stlebing to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Whence has he at! this wealth?"

Cassim, her husband, was at tus counting-house. When he came home, his wife said to mm, "Casaim, I know you think yourself rich, but All Baha is infinitely richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle, which she did, by telling him the stratagem she had used to make the discovery, and showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reten it was coined.

reign it was coined.

Cassina, after he had married the rich widow, had never treated All Baba as a brother, but neglected him; and now, instead of being pleased, he conceived a base envy at his brother's prosperity, the could not sleep all that night, and went to him in the morning before suntise. "All Baba," said him in the morning before suntise. "All Baba," said missrably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you horrowed vesterdar."

By this discourse, Ali Baba perceived that Cassim and his wife, through his own wife's folly, knew what they had so much reason to conceal; but what was done, could not be undone. Therefore, without showing the least surprise or trouble, he confessed all, and offered his brother part of his treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily,
"but I must know exactly where this treasure is,
and how I may visit it myself when I choose;
otherwise, I will go and inform against you, and
then you will not only get no more, but will lose
all you have, and I shall have a share for my information".

All Baba told him all he desired, even to the very words he was to use to gain admission into the cave. Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests, which he designed to fill, and followed the road which All Baba had pointed out the him. He was not long before he reached the rock, and found out the place, by the tree and other marks which his brother had given him. When he reached the entrance of the cavern, he pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame!" The door immediately opened, and, when he was in, closed upon him. In examining the cave, he was in great admiration to find much more riches than be bad exnected from Ali Baba's relation. He quickly laid as many bags of gold as he could carry at the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not think of the necessary word to make it open, but instead of "Sesame," said, "Open, Barley!" and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassin had never expected such an Incident, and was so alarmed at the danger he was in, that the more he endeavored to remember the word "Sesame," the more his memory was confounded, and he had as much forgotten it as if he had never heard it mentioned. He threw down the bags he had loaded himself with, and walked distractedly up and down the eave, without having the least

regard to the riches that were round him.

About noon the robbers visited their cave. At some distance they saw Cassin's mules straggling about the rock, with great chests on their backs. Alarmed at this, they galloped full speed to the cave. They drove sway the males, who strayed of sight, and were the relative to the robot short of sight, and were the relative to their sales above in their hands, to the door, which, on their capital pronouncing the proper words, immediately opened.

Cassim, who heard the noise of the horses' feet, at once guessed the arrival of the robbers, and resolved to make one effort for his life. He rushed

to the door, and no sooner saw the door open, than he ran out and threw the leader down, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their scimiturs soon deprived him of life.

The first care of the robbers after this was to examine the cave. They found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door, to be ready to load his mules, and carried them again to their places, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had taken away before. Then holding a council, and deliberating upon this occurrence, they guessed that Cassim, when he was in, could not get out again, but could not imagine how he had learned the secret words by which alone he could enter. They could not deny the fact of his being there; and to terrify any person or accomplice who should attempt the same thing, they agreed to cut Cassim's body into four quarters-to hang two on one side, and two on the other, within the door of the cave. They had no sooner taken this resolution than they put it in execution; and when they had nothing more to detain them, left the place of their hoards well closed. They mounted their horses, went to beat the roads again, and to attack the caravans they might meet.

In the mean time, Cassim's wife was very uneasy when night came, and her lushand was not returned. She ran to All Baba in great larm, and add, "I believe, brother-in-law, that you know Cassim is gone to the forest, and upon what account; it is now night, and he has not returned; 2 am afraid some misfortune has languened to bins. All Baba told her that she need not frighten he all the proper to come into the town till the night scenario. The proper to come into the town till the night scenario.

Cassin's wife, considering how much it concerned her hashand to keep the business secret,

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was the more easily persuaded to believe her brother-in-law. She went home again, and waited patiently-till midnight. Then her fear redoubled, and her grief was the more easible because he was forced to keep it to herself. She repented of her foolish currisolity, and cursed her desire of prying into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-law, She spent all the night in weeping; and as so as it was day went to them, telling them, by her tears, the cause of her comine.

All Baba did not wait for his sister-in-law to desire him to go to see what was become of Cassim, but departed immediately with his three asses, begging of her first to moderate her affliction. He went to the forest, and when he came near the rock, having seen neither his brother nor the mules in his way, was seriously alarmed at finding some blood spilt near the door, which he took for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the word, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's body. He was not long in determining how he should pay the last dues to his brother: but without adverting to the little fraternal affection he had shown for him. went into the cave to find something to enshroud his remains; and having loaded one of his asses with them, covered them over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them with wood also as before; and then bidding the door shut, came away; but was so cautious asto stop some time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he came home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little vard, and left the care of unloading them to his wife, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever, intelligent slave, who was fruitful in inventions to meet the most difficult, in circumstances. When he came into the court is the unloaded the ass, and taking Morgiana aside, said to her, "You must observe an involable secrety. Your master's body is contained in these two panniers. We must bury him as if he had died and until death. Go now and tell your mistress. I leave the matter to voru wit and sidirthy dievices."

All Baba helped to place the body in Cassim's house, again recommended to Morgiana to act her

part well, and then returned with his ass.

Morgiana went out early the next morning to a furgigist, and saled for a sort of lozenge, which was considered efficacious in the most dangerous disorders. The apothecary inquired who was ill? She replied, with a sigh, "Her good master Cassin binself: and that be could neither eat nor speak." In the evening Morgiana went to the same druggist's again, and with tears in her eyes, skeed for an essence which they used to give to skee people only taking it from the apothecary, "I am arraid that this remedy will have no better effect than the losenges; and that I shall lose my good master."

On the other hand, as All Babs and his wife were often seen to go between Cassim's and their own house all that day, and to seem melancholy, nobody was surprised in the evening to hear the lamentable shricks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who gave out everywhere that her master was fixed, The next morning at daybreak, Morgiana went to an old cobiler whom she knew to be always early and the company of the comtange of gold into his best of the company of the comtange of gold into his best of the company of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of gold into his best of the company of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of the company of the company of the comtange of the company of

Baha Mustapha seemed to hesitate a little at

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these words. "Oh! oh!" replied he, "you would have me do something against my conscience or against my honor?" "God forbid," sald Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand, "that I should ask anything that is contrary to your honor! only come along with me and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, who, after she had bound his eyes with a handkerchief at the place she had mentioned, conveyed him to her deceased master's house, and never unloosed his eves till he had entered the room where she had put the corpse together. "Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste and sew the parts of this body together; and when you have done. I will give you another piece of gold."

After Baba Mustapha had finished his task, she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold as she had promised, and recommending secrecy to him, carried him back to the place where she first bound his eyes, pulled off the bandage, and let him go home, but watched him that he returned toward his stall, till he was quite out of sight, for fear he should have the curiosity to return and dodge her; she then went home. Morgiana, on her return, warmed some water to wash the body, and at the same time Ali Baba perfumed it with incense, and wrapped it in the burying clothes with the accustomed ceremonies. Not long after the proper officer brought the bier, and when the attendants of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, she told them that it was done already. Shortly after this the imagn and the other ministers of the mosque arrived. Four neighbors carried the cornse to the burying-ground, following the imaun, who recited some prayers. Ali Baha came after with some neighbors, who often relieved the others in carrying

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the bier to the birying-ground. Morginna, a slave, to the deceased, followed in the procession, weeping, so beating her breast, and tearing her hair. Cassini's wife stayed at home mourning, uttering lamentable cries with the women of the neighborhood, who came, according to custom, during the fumeral, and joining their lamentations with hers filled the quarter far and near with sounds of sorrow.

In this manner Cassim's meluncholy death was conceiled and hushed up between All Baha, his widow, and Morgiana, his slave, with so much contrivance that nobody in the city had the least knowledge or suspicion of the cause of it. Three or four days after the funeral, All Babs removed his few goods openly to his sister-in-law's house, in which it was agreed that he should in future live; but the twas green that he should in future live; but the thing the significant of the contribution of the hither by night. As for Cassim's workbouse, be intrasted it to be manuscenout of his delect son.

While these things were being done, the forty trobbers again visited their retreat in the forest. Great, then, was their surprise to find Cassim's body them away, with some of their bags of gold. "We are certainly discovered," said the captain. "The removal of the body, and the loss of some of our money, plainly shown that the man whom we hilled many them to be some of the contraction of th

All the robbers unanimously approved of the cap-

tain's proposal.

"Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldext and most skilful among yoe, must go into the town, disguised as a traveler and a stranger, to try if he can bear say taik of the man whom, we bave killed, and endeavor to find out who he was, and where he lived. This is a matter of the fixed importance, and for fear of any treachery. I propose that whoever undertakes this business without

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success, even though the failure arises only from an error of judgment, shall suffer death."

Without waiting for the sentiments of his companions, one of the robbers started up, and said, "I submit to this condition, and think it an honor to expose my life to serve the troop."

After this robber had received great commends thus from the caption and his commutes, being discussed thusself so that notody would take hits for what he was; and taking his leave of the troup what he was; and taking his leave of the troup walls will walked up and down, till accidentally he came to Baha Mustapha's still, which was always open before any of the shops.

Baha Mastapha was scated with an awl in his hand, just going to work. The robber saluted him, hidding him good-morrow; and poreciving that he was old, said, "Honest man, you begin to work very early, is it pessible that one of your age can see so well? I question, even if it were somewhat lighter, whether you could see to stitch."

"You do not know me," replied Baba Mustapha;
"for old as I am, I have extraordinary good eyes;
and you will not doubt it when I tell you that I
sewed the body of a dead man togother in a place
where I had not so much light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber, with affected amazement. "Yes, yes," answered Baba Mustapha, "I see you want to have me speak out, but you shall know no more"

The robber felt sure that he bad discovered what he sought. He pulled out a piece of gold, and putting it into Babe Mustapha's hand, said to him, "I do not want to learn your secret, though I can assure you our might safely trust me with it. The only thing I desire of you is to show me the house where you stitched un the dead hody."

"If I were disposed to do you that favor," re-

plied Baba Mustapha, "I assure you I cannot. It was led biindfold to the house, and afterward brought back again in the same manner; you see, therefore, the impossibility of my doing what you desire."

"Well," replied the robber, "you may, however, remember a little of the way that you were led blindfolded. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together; perhaps you may recognize some part; and as everybody ought to be paid for their trouble, there is another place of gold for you; gratify me in what I ask you."

The two pieces of gold were great temptations to Baha Mustanha. He looked at them a long time in his hand, without saving a word, but at last be pulled out his purse and put them in. "I cannot promise," said he to the robber, "that I can remember the way exactly; but since you desire, I will try what I can do." At these words Baha Mustanha rose up, to the great joy of the robber, and led him to the place where Morgiana had bound his eyes. "It was here," said Baba Mustapha, "I was blindfolded; and I turned this way." 'The robher tied his handkerchief over his eyes, and walked by him till be stopped directly at Cassim's house, where Ali Baba then lived. The thief, before he pulled off the band, marked the door with a piece of chalk, which he had ready in his hand, and then asked him if he knew whose house that was to which Baha Mustapha replied, that as he did not live in that neighborhood, he could not tell.

The robber, finding he could discover no more from Baba Mustapha, thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and left him to go back to his stall, while he returned to the forest, persuaded that he should be very well received.

A little after the robber and Baba Mustapha had

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parted, Morgiana went out of Ali Babris house upon some errand, and upon her return, seeing the mark the robber had made, stopped ro. observe it. "What can be the meaning of this mark?" said she to herself; "somebody intends say master no good; however, with whatever intention it was done, it is advisable to guard against the worst." According, she fetched a piece of challe, and murked two or three doors on each side, in the same manner, without saving a word to be master or mistres.

In the mean time, the robber rejoined his troop in the forest, and recounted to them his success; expatiating upon his good fortune, in meeting so soon with the only person who could inform him of what he wanted to know. All the robbers listened to him with the utmost satisfaction; when the captain, after commending his diligence, addressing himself to them all, said, "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us set off well armed, without its appearing who we are; but that we may not excite any suspicion, let only one or two go into the town together, and join at our rendezvous, which shall be the great square. In the mean time, our comrade who brought us the good news and I will go and find out the house, that we may consult what had best be done."

This speech and plan was approved of by all, and they were soon rendy. They filed off in parties of two cach, after some interval of time, and got into the town without being in the least suspected. The captain, and he who had visited the town in the morning as spy, came in the leaf. He led the captain into the street where he had marked All Baths' residence; and when they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, be pointed if out. But the captain observed that the next door was chalked in the same manner, and in the same place; and showing it to his guide, asked

nim which house it was, that, or the first. The guide was oc confounded, that he lacew not what answer to make; but still more puzzled, when he and the captain saw five or six houses similarly marked. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who and challed the rest, so that he could not tell who had house which the coolbier had stopped at.

The captain, finding that their design had proved abortive, went directly to the place of rendezvous, and told his troop that they had lost their labor, and must return to their cave. He himself set them the example, and they all returned as they had

When the troop was all got together, the captain told them the reason of their returning; and presently the conductor was declared by all worthy of death. He condemned himself, acknowledging that he ought to have taken better precaution, and prepared to receive the stroke from him who was appointed to cut off his head.

But as the safety of the troop required the discovery of the second intrudes into the cave, another of the gang, who promised binuself that he should succeed better, presented binuself, and is offer being accepted, he went and corrupted Bahs Mustapha, as the other had done; and being abown the house, marked it in a place more remote from sight, with red chalk.

Not long after, Morgiana, whose eyes nothing could escape, went out, and seeing the red chalk, and arguing with herself as she had done before, marked the other neighbors' houses in the same place and manner.

The robber, at his return to his company, valued himself much on the precaution he had taken, which he looked upon as an infallible way of distinguishing Ali Baba's house from the others; and the captain and all of them thought it must succeed. They conveyed themselves into the town with the same precaution as before; but when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same difficulty; at which the captain was enraged, and the robber in as great confusion as his predecessor.

Thus the captain and his troop were forced to retire a second time, and much more dissatished; while the robber who had been the author of the mistake underwent the same punishment, which he willingly submitted to.

The captain, having lost two brare fellows of his troop, was afraid of diminishing it too much by pursuing this plan to get information of the residence of their plunderer. He found by their example that their heads were not so good as their hands on such occasions; and therefore resolved to take upon himself the important commission.

Accordingly, he went and addressed himself to Baba Mustapha, who did him the same service he had done to the other robbers. He did not set any particular mark on the house, but examined and observed it so carefully, by passing often by it; that it was impossible for bim to mistake it.

The caytain, well satisfied with his attempt, and informed of what he wanted to know, returned to the forest; and when he came into the cave, where the troop wated for him, said, "Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house; and in my way hither I have thought how to put it into exceution, but if any one an form a better expedient, let him communicate it." He then told them his contrivance; and as they approved of it, ordered them to go into the 'illages about, and buy nitedeen makes, with thirty-control of the control of the contro

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In two or three days' time the robbers had purchased the multes and jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for his purpose, the captain caused them to be widened, and after having put one of his men into each, with the wear poss which het hought fit, leaving open the seam which had been the bear to have a widely had been to lawre with the total the purchase of the purchase of

Things being thus prepared, when the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in iars, and the jar of oil, the captain, as their driver, set out with them, and reached the town by the dusk of the evening, as he had intended. He led them through the streets, till be came to Ali Baba's, at whose door he designed to have knocked; but was prevented by his sitting there after supper to take a little fresh air. He stopped his mules, addressed himself to him, and said, "I have brought some oil a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is now so late that I do not know where to lodge, If I should not be troublesome to you, do me the favor to let me pass the night with you, and I shall be very much obliged by your hospitality." Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the

realisers, at the forest, and heart him speak, as was impossible to know him in the disgrains of an oil merchant. He told him he should be welcome, and immediately opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard. At the same time he called to a siave, and ordered him, when the mules were unloaded, to put them into the stable, and to feed them; and then went to Morgiana, to bild her get them; and then went to Morgiana, to bild her get them; and then went to Morgiana, to bild her get them; and then went to Morgiana, to bild her get them; and then went to Morgiana, to bild her get the stable, and to feed to the stable, and to feed the stable, and to feed to the stable, and to feed the stable with the stable stable stable great the ready give them to take care of his guest, said to her, "To-nonrow morning I design to go to the beth before day; take care my behing line he ready, give them to

THE FORTY THIEVES

Abdalla (which was the slave's name), and make me some good broth against I return." After this he went to bed.

In the mean time the captain of the robbers went into the yard, and took off the lid of each jar, and gave his people orders what to do. Beginning, at the first Jar, and so on to the last, he said to each mun: "As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will immediately join you." After this he returned into the bouse, when Morgians, taking up a light, conducted him to his chamber, where she left him; and he, to avoid any sis-picion, put the light out soon after, and laid himself down in his clothes, that he might be the more ready to yise.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baha's orders, god his bathing line ready, and ordered Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth; but while she was repearing it the lamp went out, and there was no nore oil in the house, nor any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made, to she will not know, for the broth must be made, and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jarst.

Morgiana thanked Abdalla for his advice, took the oil-pot, and went into the yard; when, as she came night the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Though naturally much surprised at finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, she immediately felt the importance of keeping silence, as Ali Baba, his family, and herself were in great danger; and collecting herself, without showing the least emotion, she answered. "Not yet, but prescriby." Sile went quietly in this manner to all the contract of the c

By this means Morgians found that her master

All Baba had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house, and that this pretended oil merchant was their captain. She made what baste she could to fill her oil-pot, and returned into her kitchen, where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, went again to the oil-jur, filled the kettle, set it on a large wood fire, and as soon as the stift and destroy the robber within.

When this action, worthy of the coursge of Morgian, was executed without any noise, as she had projected, she returned into the kitchen with the empty kettie, and having put out the great fire she had made to boil the oil, and leaving just enough to make the borth, put out the lamp also, and remained active, even him, but to the proper of the property of the property of the property of the office of the kitchen, which comed flow the yard,

She had not waited long before the captain of the robbers got up, opened the window, and finding no light, and hearing no noise, or any one stirring in the house, gave the appointed signal, by throwing little stones, several of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. He then listened, but not hearing or perceiving anything whereby he could judge that his companions stirred, he began to grow very uneasy, threw stones again a second and also a third time, and could not comprehend the reason that none of them should answer his signal. Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard, and going to the first lar, while asking the robber, whom he thought alive, if he was in readiness, smelled the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar. Hence he suspected that his plot to murder Ali Baba, and plunder his house, was discovered. Examining all the jars, one after another, he found that all his gang were dead; and, enraged to despair at having failed in his de-

THE FORTY THIPVES

sign, he forced the tock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and climbing over the walls, made his escape.

When Morgiana saw him depart, she went to bed, satisfied and pleased to have succeeded so well in saving her master and family.

All Baba rose before day, and, followed by his slave, went to the baths, entirely ignorant of the important event which had happened at home.

When he returned from the butts, he was very much surprised to see the cil-jars, and that the merchant was not gone with the nuises. He asked Morgians, who opened the door, the reason of R. "My good master," answered she, "God preserve you and all of your family. You will be better informed of what you wish to know when you have seen what I have to show you, if you will follow me."

As soon as Morgiana had shut the door, All Baba followed her, when she requested him to look into the first jar, and see if there was any oil. All Baba did so, and seeing a man, started back in alarm, and cried out. "Do not be afraid," said Morgiana, with a man you see there can neither do you nor anybody class any harm. He is dead." "Ah, Morgian," said All Baba, "what is it you slow mer Explaina travest." Explainate was the carriestry of your neighbors, for it is of great importance to keep this affair secret. Look into all the other lars."

All Baba examined all the other jurs, one after another; and when he came to that which had the oil in, found it prodigiously sunk, and stood for some time motionless, sometimes looking at the jurs, and sometimes at Morgiana, without saying a word, so great was liss surprise. At last, when he had recovered himself, he said, "And what is become of the merchant?"

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

"Merchant!" answered she; "he is as much one as I am. I will tell you who he is, and what is become of him; but you had better hear the story in your own chamber; for it is time for your health that you had your borth after your bathing."

Morgiana then told him all she had done, from the first observing the mark upon the house, to the destruction of the robbers, and the flight of the

cantain.

On hearing of these brave deeds from the lips of Morgiana, Ali Baba said to her—"God, by your means, has delivered me from the saures these robbers laid for my destruction. I owe, therefore, my life to you, and, for the first token of my acknowledgment, give you your liberty from this moment, the lill I can complete your recommense as I intend."

All Baba's garden war very long, and shaded at the further end by a great number of large trees. Near these he and the slave Abdalls dag a trench, long and wide enough to hold the bodies of the robbers; and as the earth was light, they were not long in doing it. When this was done, All Babs, hid for the mules, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

While All Baha took these measures, the capiain of the forty robbers returned to the forest with inconceivable mortification. He did not stay long; the loneliness of the gloomy cavern became frightful to him. He determined, however, to average the fact of his companions, and to accomplish the death of All Baba. For this purpose he returned to the town, and took a lodging in a khan, and disguised himself as a merchant in silks. Under this assumed or rich stuffs and the lines to he lodging rich in the cavern, but with all the necessary precustions to cancel the lance whence he brought them. In order concept the lance whence he brought them.

to dispose of the merchandise, when he had thus amassed them together, he took a warehouse, which happened to be opposite to Cassin's, which Ali Baba's son had occupied since the death of his uncle.

He took the name of Cogia Housain, and, as a new-conner, was, according to custom, extremely civil and complaiant to all the merchants his neighbors. All Baba's som was, from his vicinity, one of the first to converse with Cogia Housain, who the first to converse with Cogia Housain, who revo or three days after he was settled, All Baba came to see his son, and the captain of the robbers recognised him at once, and soon learned from his som who he was. After this he increased his assidiant littles, caressed him in the most engaging manner, made him some small presents, and often asked him to dipe and sup with him, when he treated him very

All Baba's son did not choose to lie under such obligation to Cogia Houssain; but was so much stratiened for want of room in his house, that he could not entertain him. Hetherefore acquainted his father, All Baba, with his wish to invite him in return.

All Baha with great pleasure took the treat upon himself. "Son," said he, "to-morrow being Friday, which is a day that the shops of such great merchants as Cogia Houssain and yourself are shut, get him to accompany you, and as you pass by my door, call in. I will go and order Morgiana to provide a supper."

The next day All Baba's son and Cogia Houssain, met by appointment, took their walls, and as they returned. All Baba's son led Cogia Houssain through the street where his father lived, and when they came to the house, stopped and knocked at the door. "This, sir," said be, "sin y father's both, who, from the account I have given him of your reliendship, charged me to precent him the honor of friendship, charged me to precent him the honor of the state of th

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your acquaintance; and I desire you to add this pleasure to those for which I am already indebted to you."

Though it was the sole aim of Cogla Houssain to Introduce himself into Ali Baha's house, that he might kill him, without heararding his own life or making any noise, yet he excused himself, and offered to take his leave; but a slave having opened the door, Ali Baba's son took him obligingly by the hand, and, in a manner, forced him in.

Ali Baha received Cogia Houssain with a smiling countenance, and in the most obliging manner he could wish. He thanked him for all the flavors he had done his son; adding, withal, the obligation was the greater as he was a young man, not much acquainted with the world, and that he might contrib-

ute to his information.

Cogia Houssain returned the compliment by assuring Ali Baba, that though his son might not have acquired the experience of older men, he had good sense equal to the experience of many others. After a little more conversation on different subjects, he offered again to take his leave, when All Baba, stopping him, said, "Where are you going, sir, in so much haste? I beg you would do me the honor to sup with me, though my entertainment may not be worthy your acceptance; such as it is, I heartily offer it." "Sir," replied Cogia Houssain, "I am thoroughly persuaded of your good-will; but the truth is, I can eat no victuals that have any salt in them; therefore judge how I should feel at your table. "If that is the only reason," said Ali Baba, "it ought not to deprive me of the honor of your company; for, in the first place, there is no salt ever put into my bread, and as to the meat we shall have to-night, I promise you there shall be none in that. Therefore you must do me the favor to stay. I will return immediately."

THE FORTY THIEVES

All Baba went into the kitchen, and ordered Morgiana to put no sult to the meat that was to be dressed that night; and to make quickly two or three ragouts besides what he had ordered, but he sure to put no sult in them.

Morgiana, who was always ready to obey her master, could not help being surprised at his strange order. "Who is this strange man," said ske, "who eats no salt with his meat? Your supper will be spoiled, if I keep it back so long." "Do not be angry, Morgiana," replied All Baba; "he is an hon-

est man, therefore do as I bid you."

Morgiana obeyed, though with no little reluctance, and had a curriesty to see this man who ate no sait. To this end, when she had finished what she had to in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla to carry up the dishes; and looking at Cogia Houssain, knew him at first sight, notwithstanding his disguise, to be the captain of the robbers, and examining him ery carefully, perceived that be had a dagger under very carefully, perceived that be had a dagger under serve and the second of the second

Morgiana, while they were at suppor, determined in her own mind to execute one of the boldest acts over meditated. When Abdalla came for the dessert of fruit, and had put it with the wine and glasses before All Baba, Morgiana retired, dressed herself metty, with a suitable head-dress like a fameer, girded her wast with a silver-gift girdle, to which there hang a poulard with a little and of the same metal, and jut a handsome mask on her face. When she had thus diguided herself, she said to down master and his work friend, as we do sometimes when he is alone."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Abdalla took his tabor and played all the way into the hall before Morgiana, who, when she came to the door, made a low obeisance by way of asking leave to exhibit her skill, while Abdalia left off playing, "Come in, Morgiana," said Ali Baba, "and let Cogia Houssain see what you can do, that he may tell us what he thinks of your performance."

Cogia Houssain, who did not expect this diversion after supper, began to fear he should not be able to take advantage of the opportunity he thought he had found; but hoped, if he now missed his aim, to secure it another time, by keeping up a friendly correspondence with the father and son; therefore, though he could have wished Ali Baba would have declined the dance, he pretended to be obliged to him for it, and had the complaisance to express his satisfaction at what he saw, which pleased his host.

As soon as Abdalla saw that Ali Baba and Cogia Houssain had done talking, he began to play on the tabor, and accompanied it with an air, to which Morgiana, who was an excellent performer, danced in such a manner as would have created admiration

in any company.

After she had danced several dances with much grace, she drew the poniard, and holding it in her hand, began a dance, in which she outdid herself by the many different figures, light movements, and the surprising leaps and wonderful exertions with which she accompanied it. Sometimes she presented the poniard to one breast, sometimes to another, and sometimes seemed to strike her own. At last, she snatched the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand. and holding the dagger in her right presented the other side of the tabor, after the manner of those who get a livelihood by dancing, and solicit the liberality of the spectators.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into the tabor, as did also his son; and Cogia Houssain seeing that she was

THE FORTY THIEVES

coming to him, had pulled his purse out of his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage and resolution worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, shocked at this action, eried out aloud. "Unhappy woman!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what have you done to ruin me and my familv?" "It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana; "for see here," continued she opening the pretended Cogia Houssain's garment, and showing the dagger, "what an enemy you had entertained? Look well at him, and you will find him to be both the fictitious oil merchant, and the captain of the gang of forty robbers. Remember, too, that he would cat no salt with you; and what would you have more to persuade you of his wicked design? Before I saw him, I suspected him as soon as you told me you had such a guest. I knew him. and you now find that my suspicion was not groundlega

Ali Baba, who immediately felt the new obligation he had to Morgiana for saving his life a second time. embraced her: "Morgiana," said he, "I gave you your liberty, and then promised you that my gratitude should not stop there, but that I would soon give you higher proofs of its sincerity, which I now do by making you my daughter-in-law." Then addressing himself to his son, he said, "I believe you, son, to be so dutiful a child, that you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife. You see that Cogia Floussain sought your friendship with a treacherous design to take away my life; and if he had succeeded, there is no doubt but be would have sacrificed you also to his revenge. Consider, that by marrying Morgiana you marry the preserver of my family and your own."

The son, far from showing any dislike, readily

consented to the marriage; not only because he would not disobev his father, but also because it was agreeable to his inclination. After this they thought of burying the captain of the robbers with bis comrades, and did it so privately that nobody discovered their bones till many years after, when no one had any concern in the publication of this remarkable history. A few days afterward, Ali Baha celebrated the nuptials of his son and Morgiana with great solemnity, a sumptuous feast, and the usual dancing and spectacles; and had the satisfaction to see that his friends and neighbors, whom he invited, had no knowledge of the true motives of the marriage; but that those who were not unacquainted with Morgiana's good qualities commended his generosity and goodness of heart. Ali Baba did not visit the robber's cave for a whole year, as he supposed the other two, whom he could get no account of, might be alive.

At the year's end, when he found they had not made any attempt to disturb him, he had the curiosity to make another journey. He mounted his horse, and when he came to the cave he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, then approaching the entrance, and pronouncing the words, "Open, Sesame!" the door opened. He entered the cavern, and by the condition he found things in, judged that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. From this time he believed he was the only person in the world who had the secret of opening the cave, and that all the treasure was at his sole disposal. He put as much gold into his saddle-bag as his horse would carry, and returned to town. Some years later he carried his son to the cave and taught him the secret, which he handed down to his posterity, who, using their good fortune with moderation, lived in great honor and splendor.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

MY father was a wealthy merchant of much repute. He bequested me a large estate, while if wasted in riotous living. I quickly perceived my crors, and that I was misspending my time, which is of all things most valuable. I remembered the saying of the great Solomen, which I had frequently heard from my father, "A good name is better than precious ontiment," and again, "Wisdom is good with an inheritance." Struck with these reflections, I resolved to walk in my father's ways, and centered into a contract with some merchants, and embered into a contract with some merchants, and embered in the contract of the same properties.

We set sail, and steered our course toward the Indies, through the Persia Guif, which is formed by the coasts of Arabia Felix on the right, and by these of Persia on the left. At first I was troubled with sen-sickness, but speedily recovered my health, and was not afterward subject to that complaint.

In our royage we touched at several islands, where we sold or exchanged our goods. One day, while under sail, we were becalined near a small island, but little elevated above the level of the water, and resembling a green meadow. The captain ordered his sails to be furled, and permitted such persons as were so inclined to land; of this number 1 was one.

But while we were enjoying ourselves in eating and drinking, and recovering ourselves from the fatigue of the sea, the island on a sudden trembled and shook us terribly.

The trembling of the island was perceived on hoard the ship, and we were called upon to re-enbark speedily, or we should all be lost; for what we took for an island proved to be the back of a sea monster. The nimblest got into the aloop, others betook themselves to swimming; but as for nyself, I was still upon the Island when it disappeared into the sea, and I had only time to catch hold of a piece of wood that we had brought out of the ship to make a fire. Meanwhile the capitalin, baving received those on board who were in the aloop, and taken up some of those that swam, resolved to imclass up some of those that swam, resolved to imbar a fire of the state of t

Thus was I exposed to the mercy of the waves all the rest of the day and the following night. By this time I found my strength gone, and despaired of saving my life, when happily a wave threw me against an island. The bank was high and rugged; so that I could scarcely have got up had it not been for some roots of trees which I found within reach. When the sun arose, though I was very feeble, both from hard labor and want of food. I crept along to find some herbs fit to eat, and had the good luck not only to procure some, but likewise to discover a stream of excellent water, which contributed much to recover me. After this I advanced farther into the island, and at least reached a fine plain, where I perceived some horses feeding. I went toward them. when I heard the voice of a man, who immediately appeared and asked me who I was. I related to him my adventure, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me into a cave, where there were several other people, no less amazed to see me than I was to see

I partook of some provisions which they offered me. I then asked them what they did in such a desert place; to which they answered, that they were grooms belonging to the maharaja, sovereign of the island, and that every year they brought thither the king's horses for masturane. They added, that they were to return home on the morrow, and had I been one day later, I must have perished, because the inhabited part of the island was a great distance off, and it would have been impossible for me to lave got thither without a guide.

Next morning they returned to the capital of the island, took me with them, and presented me to the mahardis. He asked me who I was, and by what adventure I had come into his dominions. After I had satisfied him, he told me he was much concerned for my misfortune, and at the same time ordered that I should want for nothing which commodered that I should want for nothing which comtons excavelly fulfilled.

Being a merchant, I frequented men of my own profession, and particularly inquired for those who were strangers, that perchance I might hear news from Bagdad, or find an opportunity to return. For the maharaja's capital is situated on the seacoast, and has a fine harbor, where ships arrive daily from the different quarters of the world. I frequented also the society of the learned Indians, and took delight to hear them converse; but withal, I took care to make my court regularly to the maharaia, and conversed with the governors and petty kings, his tributaries, that were about him. They put a thousand questions respecting my country; and I, being willing to inform myself as to their laws and customs, asked them concerning everything which I thought worth knowing.

There belongs to this king an island named Cossel. They assured me the every night a noise of drains was heard there, whence the markners fancied that it was the residence of Degal. I determined to visit this wonderful place, and in my way thither awa fishes of 100 and 200 enhist long, that occasion more fear than hurt; for they are so timorous, that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or

THE ABABIAN NIGHTS

boards. I saw likewise other fish, about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

As I was one day at the port after my return, the ship arrived in which I had embarked at Bussorah. I at once knew the captain, and I went and asked him for my bates. "I am Sindbad," said I, "and those bales warked with his name are mine."

When the captain heard me speak thus, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "whom can we trust in these times! I saw Sindhad perish with my own eyes, as did also the passengers on board, and yet you tell me you are that Sindhad. What impudence is this! and what a false tale to tell, in order to possess yourself of what does not belong to you!" "Have patience," replied I; "do me the favor to hear what I have to say." The captain was at length persnaded that I was no chest: for there came neonle from his ship who knew me, paid me great compliwents, and expressed much joy at seeing me alive. At last he recollected me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he, "for your happy escape! I cannot express the joy it affords me. There are your goods; take and do with them as you nlease"

I took out what was most valuable in my lades, and presented them to the malarraja, wha, knowing my misfortune, asked ne how I come by such ratics. I acquained him with the circumstance of their recovery. He was pleased at my good lack, accepted my present, and in return gave me one much more considerable. Upon this I took leave or him, and went abourd the same ship after I had exchanged my goods for the commodities of that country. I carried with me wood of aloes, andalas, camplary, natnegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We passed by several Islands, and at last arrived at Bussorah, from whence I came to this city, with the sales of 100000 securius.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

Sindhad stopped here, and ordered the musicians to proceed with their concert, which the story had interrupted. When it was evening, Sindhad sent for a purie of 100 sequita, and giving it to the porter, said, "Take this, Sindhad, return to your home, and come back to-nerrow to hear more of my advantures." The porter went away, astonished at the bonor done him, and the present made him. The account of his adventure proved very agreeable to this wife and children, who did not fail to return thanks for what Providence had sent them by the band of Sindhad.



ARISTOPHANES

ABBROWLANS, the greatest comic puct of Greece, was born in 48 n.c. His death occurred about 380 n.c. Of his fifty-four plays only eleven are extant. "The Knights," "The Birds," "The Clouds" and "The Frogs" are best known to the moderns. All were attacks upon persons or public measures objectionable to the poet.

GRAND CHORUS OF BIRDS

(From "The Birds": Swinburne's Translation)

COME on then, ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the leaves' generations, That are little of might, that are molded of mire, unenduring and shadowlike nations.

Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadows fast flecing.

Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date of our being:

Us, children of heaven, us, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts are eternal:

That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright as to matters supernal,

Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and the dark beyond reaching. Trustfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicus

pack with his preaching!

It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness, and Hell's broad border.

Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths of the womb of the dark without order

GRAND CHORUS OF BIRDS

First thing, first-born of the black-plumed Night, was a wind-egg hatched in her bosom,

Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as a blossom,

Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirl-

winds gustily turning. He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are

of darkness, in Hell broad-burning, For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and

upraised us to light new-lighted. And before this was not the race of the gods, until

all things by Love were united:

And of kind united in kind with communion of nature the sky and the sea are

Brought forth, and the earth, and the race of the gods everlasting and blest. So that we are

Far away the most ancient of all things blest. And that we are of Love's generation

There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings, and with us have the Love's habitation:

And manifold fair young folk that forswore love once, ere the bloom of them ended,

Have the men that pursued and desired them subdued by the help of us only befriended.

With such baits as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's comb staring and splendid.

All best good things that befall men come from us birds, as is plain to all reason: For first we proclaim and make known to them

spring, and the winter and autumn in season; Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric in shrill-voiced emigrant number.

And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for the season and slumber:

And then weave a cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he strip men of theirs if it freezes.

And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a change in the breezes.

ADISTOPHANCE

And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of their spring wool. Then does the swallow Give you notice to sell your great-coat, and provide

something light for the heat that's to follow. Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you, Dodona,

nay, Phœbus Apollo. For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even

such is in all things your carriage,

Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning your

bread, or of any one's marriage.

And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that belong to discerning prediction:

Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you succee, and the sign's as a bird for conviction;

All tokens are "birds" with you—sounds, too, and lackeys and donkeys. Then must it not follow That we are to you all as the manifest godhead that speaks in prophetic Apollo?

THE CALL TO THE NIGHTINGALE

(From "The Birds" : Frere's Translation)

A WAKE! awake!

Sleep no more, my gentle mate!
With your tiny tawny bill,
Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
On valo or bill;
On valo or bill;
On valo or bill;
The tender ditty that you telu,
The and imment,
The dire event,

To luckless Itys that befel Thence the strain Shall rise again, And soar amain.

FROM "THE WOMEN'S PERTIVAL"

Up to the lofty palace gate Where mighty Apollo sits in state In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre, Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir, While all the gods shall join with thee In a celestial symphony.

FROM "THE WOMEN'S FESTIVAL"

(Translated by W. Lucas Collins)

THEY'RE always abusing the women. As a terrible plague to men; They say we're the root of all evil, And repeat it again and again; Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed, All mischief, be what it may; And pray, then, why do you marry us, If we're all the plagues you say? And why do you take such care of us, And keep us so safe at home. And are never easy a moment, If ever we chance to roam? When you ought to be thanking heaven. That your plague is out of the way-You all keep fussing and fretting: "Where is my Plague to-day?" If a Plague peeps out at a window, Up go the eyes of the men: If she hides, then they all keep staring Until she looks out again.

ARISTOTLE

Ausrozza was born in Macedonia in 384 z.c., died at Chaleis in 322. He was a student in Plato's school, in Athens, and for a time acted as instructor of Alexander the Creat. Aristotle wrote on a layer variety of subjects. He gave direction and system to Greek thought, and for two thousand years he was the greatest force in the world of philosophy.

PROSECUTION AND DEFENSE

(From Buckley's translation in the Bohn Library)

T will be for me next to speak of the number and nature of the sources out of which the orator must construct his reasonings, touching accusation and defense. Now we must ascertain three points one, what and how many are the objects for the sales of which men act anjustly the second, how them-of what character and of what disposition they do so net.

Let us then, after defining the acting unjustly, speak in order of the rest. Let the acting unjustly be defined to be the voluntary commission of hust be defined to be the voluntary commission of hust contravention of law. Now have is either general or peculiar. The peculiar law I call that, by whose written enactments must direct their polity; the genuized among all men. Men are voluntary agents in whatever they do wittingly, and without computation. Men, therefore, do not everything on fixed principle, which they do wittingly, in the valutever they do on

PROSECUTION AND DEFENSE

fixed principle, that they do wittingly; because no one is ignorant of that which he chooses on principle. Now, the principles by whose motion men deliberately choose to hurt and do evil in contravention of law are depravity and moral weakness; for if any are depraved either in one or more respects, it is in reference to that point, on which they are so deprayed, that they are guilty of injustice. The illiberal man, for instance, on the subject of money; the intemperate, touching the pleasure of the body; and the effeminate. respecting objects of ease; and the coward, respecting danger (for it is by reason of fear that men abandon their comrades in danger); the ambitious man, on the score of honor; the hasty man, by reason of anger: the man eager to excel, on account of victory: the vindictive, for the sake of revenge: a silly man, owing to his being mistaken on points of right and wrong; a man of effrontery, from his contempt of character. And in other characters in the same way each [goes wrong] respecting his own particular weakness. But my meaning on these matters will be evident from what has been already said on the subject of the virtues, and from what hereafter will be stated on the subject of the passions. It merely remains for me to state on what account, how effected, and toward whom, men do commit injustice.

First, then let us distinctly enumerate the obpets, which desiring, or which avoiding, we setabout Injustice: because it evidently should be considered by the plantiff how many, and what sort of those things, from a desire of which men wrong their neighbors, have an existence on the side of his advernetions of the side of the side of his advertion of the side of the side of the side of his advernmenter of these things do not so exist. Now all men do all things either of themselves, or not of them-

selves. The things which they do not of themselves, they do either by chance or from necessity; and the things done by necessity, they do either by compulsion or by nature. So that all things whatsoever which men do not of themselves, they do either by chance, or from compulsion, or by nature. Again, the things which they do of themselves, and of which they are themselves the causes, some they do through custom, and others through natural desire; and this partly through this desire influenced by reason, and in part through it devoid of reason. Now, the act of wishing is desire accompanied by reason, fixing on some good as its object; because no one wishes for anything other than what he conceives to be a good, The desires devoid of reason are anger and appetite, So that all things whatever which men do, they necessarily do from seven causes; by chance, compulsion, nature, custom, will, anger, or appetite. But to carry on distinctions in reference to age, or habits, or whatever else enacts itself in conduct, were superfluous. For, granting that it happens to young men to be passionate, it is not by motion of their youth that they act thus, but by motion of anger and appetite; neither is it by motion either of wealth or noverty simply, but (in the case of the poor) it is on account of their neediness that it happens that they cherish an appetite for wealth; and (in the case of the rich) on account of their having the means, that they risk an appetite for unnecessary pleasure; and these persons will act neither by motion of their wealth nor of their poverty, but by motion of appetite. And in exactly the same way, the just and unjust, and all such as are said to act conformably to habits, will in reality act, under all circumstances. by motion of these principles; for they act on the impulse either of reason or of passion; but some from good manners and passions, others from the contrary. Still, however, it happens that on habits of this particular character, principles of action the same in character are consequent; and on those of that kind, principles also of that kind. For on the temperate man perhaps forthwith, by motion of his temperance, are attendant good opinious and appetites respecting pleasures; but on the intemperate, the contrary on these same subjects. For which reason we must waive distinctions of such a kind; but we must consider on what conditions, what principles of conduct are wont to follow: for it is not ordained (in the nature of things) that, if a man be white or black, or tall or short, principles of this or that kind should be attendant on him; but if he be young or old, just or unjust, here some difference begins; and so, in a word, in the case of all contingent circumstances whatever, which produce a difference in the tempers of men, for instance, a man's seeming to himself to be rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate; in all these cases there will be some essential difference. Of this, however, we will speak hereafter; let us now treat first of the remaining points. Things proceed from chance which are of such kind that their cause is not definite, and are produced in the absence of any final motive, and that neither invariably, nor usually, nor in any prescribed order. My meaning on these subjects will be plain from the definition of chance. All those things exist naturally whose cause is internal and ordinate; for they turn out, either invariably or generally, in the same way; since there is no need of an accurate inquiry on results contrary to nature, whether they be produced conformably to a certain nature, or any other cause. It would appear, too, that chance is the cause of such results. All things originate in compulsion, which are produced through the instrumentality of the agents themselves, contrary to their inclination and reason. In habit, originates everything which men do because they have often done it before. From will proceed whatever

of the forementioned goods appear to be useful. either as an end or as conducing to the end, when it is by reason of such their usefulness that they are realized in action; for even the intemperate do some things which are useful; but not on account of their usefulness, but on account of pleasure. Through the medium of anger and excited feeling arise acts of vengeance. Now, between revenge and punishment there is a difference; for punishment is for the sake of the sufferer, but revenge for that of the person inflicting it, in order that he may be satiated. On what subjects this excitement of feeling exists will therefore be plain in my treatise of the passions. But all such things as appear pleasant are produced in action on the impulse of appetite. But that which is familiar and has become habitual is of the number of things pleasant; for many things there are, even among such as are not pleasant naturally, which, when men have been habituated to, they do with pleasure. So that, to speak in one word comprehending the whole, everything whatsoever which men do of their own proper motion, either is good, or apparently good: pleasant, or apparently pleasant. But as they act voluntarily in whatever they do of their own motion, and involuntarily in whatever they do not of their own motion; all things whatsoever in respect to which they act voluntarily will be either good or apparently good; pleasant or apparently pleasant, For I also set down the getting guit either of evils or apparent evils, and the getting a less evil in exchange for a greater, in the class of goods; because they are in a certain way desirable things. among things pleasant. I likewise set down the getting quit of things bringing pain, or appearing to do so; or the getting things less so, in exchange for such as are so in greater degree.

We have, therefore, to ascertain the number of things pleasant and of what kinds they are. Now

on the subject of what is useful, something has been already said in my treating of deliberative rhetoric; but on the subject of what is pleasant let us treat, beginning at this point. As to the definitions, you must deem them to be adequate (to my purpose) if they be found, on each subject, exempt from obscurity, though not accurately precise.

ON PLEASING THE JUDGES

THE materials, then, from which we must exhort and dissuade, praise and blame, accuse and defend, the notions also and propositions, useful in order to render these points credible, are those which we have discussed: for respecting these questions, and out of these sources, are enthymemes deduced, so that an orator, thus provided, may speak on each separate department of questions. But as rhetoric has in view the coming to a decision (for in deliberative oratory the assembly arrive at decisions; and the sentence of a court of justice is inso facto a decision); it is necessary to look not only to your speech, in what way that will be of a character to convince and persuade, but also to invest yourself with a certain kind of character, and the judge with a certain kind of feeling. For it is a point of great consequence, particularly in deliberative cases; and, next to these, in judicial; as well that the speaker seem to be a man of a certain character as that his audience conceive him to be of a certain disposition toward themselves; moreover, it is of consequence if your audience chance to be themselves also disposed in a certain way. Now, as to a speaker's appearing to be himself of a certain character, this point is more available in deliberations: but the disposing the auditor in a certain way, in judicial cases; for things do not show themselves in the same light to persons

affected by lore and by hatred, nor to those under contions of anger, as to those who are disposed to phendality; but they appear either utterly different in character, or at least different in degree. For to a judge who is affected by love toward the party respecting whom he pronounces this decision, that party appears either not at all to be unjust, or to be so in a very trivial degree. To a judge, however, hos a never trivial degree. To a judge, however, hose ance. So also to a person who is eager and sanguine, the proposed object, if pleasant, takes the appearance, as well of their fillicity to accuse, as of being likely to prove really a good; while by one who is indifferent and requestant, the opposits view is taken.

Now, there are three causes of a speaker's deserving belief; for so many in number are the qualities on account of which we lend our credit, independently of proof adduced; and these are prudence. moral excellence, and the having our interests at heart (for men are fallacious in what they allege or advise by reason, either of all, or some, of these causes: for either, from want of ability, they do not rightly apprehend the question; or, rightly apprehending it. from their depravity, they do not tell you what they think; or, being men both of ability and moral excellence, they have not your interests at heart, on which account it is possible they should not give you the best advice, though fully known what is best): and besides these there is no other; it follows, therefore, of course, that the speaker who appears to possess all these qualities is considered by his audience as deserving credit. Now, the means by which men may appear virtuous and prudent are to be derived from what has been laid down on the subject of the virtues; for it is by help of the very same things that an orator may invest himself, and any one else, in a certain character. The subject of feeling an interest, and of friendliness, must be discussed in my treatise

of the passions, commencing henceforth. Passions, however, are all emotions whatsoever, on which pain and pleasure are consequent, by whose operation, undergoing a change, men differ in respect to their decisions: for instance, anger, pity, fear, and whatever other emotions are of such a nature, and those opposed to them. But it will be fitting to divide what I have to say respecting each into three considerations: to consider, respecting anger, for example, how those who are susceptible of anger are affected; with whom they usually are angry; and on what occasions. For granted that we be in possession of one, or even two, of these points, and not of them all, it will be impossible for us to kindle anger in the breast; and in the case of the rest of the passions in a similar way. In the same way, then, as on the subjects treated of above. I have senarately drawn up the several propositions, so let me do in respect of these also, and make my distinctions according to the manner specified.

ON EXCELLENCE OF STYLE

If T excellence of style be defined to consist in its being clear (a sign of this is this, that the diction, unless it make the sentiment clear, will no affect its purpose); and neither low, nor above the dignity of the subject, but in good taster, for the style of poetry, indeed, is not low, yet if is not becomine in mercal.

Of nouns and verbs those which are in general use produce the effect of elearness; to preent its being low, and to give it ornament, there are other nouns which have been mentioned in the "Poetees," for departure [from ordinary acceptations] causes it to appear more dignified; for men are affected in respect of style in the very same way as they are to-

wards foreigners and citizens. On which account von should give your phrase a foreign gir: for men are admirers of things out of the way, and what is an object of admiration is pleasant. Now in the case of metrical compositions, there are many things which produce this effect, and they are very becoming, because both the subject and the person stand more apart [from ordinary life]; in prose, however, these helps are much fewer, for the subject is less evalted; since even in that art were a slave, or a mere youth, or (any one, in fact, in speaking) of mere trifles to express himself in terms of studied ornament, it would be rather unbecoming; but here too (as in poetry) the rule of good taste is that your style he lowered or raised according to the subject. On which account we must escape observation in doing this, and not appear to speak in a studied manner, but naturally, for the one is of a tendency to persuade, the other is the very reverse; because people put themselves on their guard, as though against one who has a design upon them, just as they would against adulterated wine. Het vour style then be such! as was the case with the voice of Theodorus as compared with that of the other actors; for it appeared to be that of the character which was speaking, theirs, however, were foreign from the character. And the deceit is neatly passed off if one frame his nomenclature upon a selection from ordinary conversation; the thing which Euripides does, and first cove the hint of

As, however, nouns and verba are (the materials) of which the speech is made up, and as noun admit so many species as have been examined in the "Poetics," out of the number of these we must employ but sparingly, and in very few places, cottle and compound words, and those newly coined; where they may be employed I will state hereafter; the reason for the restriction! has been mentioned, vis.,

because they remove your style I from that of common life! more than is consistent with good taste. Words, however, of ordinary use, and in their original acceptations and metaphors, are alone available in the style of prose; a proof [that this is the fact is] that these are the only words which all nersons eroploy; for everybody carries on conversation by means of metaphors, and words in their primary sense, and those of ordinary use. Thus it is plain that if one should have constructed his style well, it will be both of a foreign character, and that | the art of the orator | may still elude observation, and [the style itself] will have the advantage of clearness; this, however, was laid down to be the perfection of rhetorical lanmage. But of all nouns, those which are equivocal suit the purposes of the sophist, for by their help he effects his fallacies, while synonyms are of use to the poet; I mean these which are both synonyms and of common usage, as πορεύησθαι and βαδίζειν, for these two are both of common usage and synonymous to each other.

The nature then of each of these varieties, and also that this ornament is of the greatest effect, as well in poetry as prose, has been explained (as I have observed above), in the "Poetless" In prose, however, we should bestow the greater attention of them, in proportion as an oration has to be made up of enew adjuments than a metrical composition. Moreover, the metaphor possesses in an especial manner of the beauties of J clearness and sweetness, with a sit of being foreign; and it is not possible to derive it from any other person.

You must, however, apply, in the case both of epithets and metaphors, such as are appropriate; and this will depend on their being constructed on principles of analogy, otherwise they will be sure to appear in bad taste because contraries show themselves to ne such, particularly when set by each other. But you must consider, as a purple garment becomes a youth, what is equally so to an old man; since the

same garment does not become [both].

And if you wish to embellish your subject, see you deduce your metaphor from such things coming under the same class as are better; and if to cry it down, from such as are worse: I mean, as the cases are opposed and come under the same genus, that the saving, for example, of a beggar, that "he prays," and of one who is praying, that "he begs" (both being species of asking), is to do the thing which has been mentioned: just as Iphicrates called Callias "a mere collector to the goddess, and not a bearer of the torch." He, however, replied, "that he must needs be uninitiated himself, or he would not call him a collector, but a bearer of the torch." For these are both services connected with the goddess; the one, however, is respectable, while the other is held in no repute. And some one [speaks of the courtiers of Dionysius as | Dionysian parasites; they, however, call themselves artificers. And these expressions are both metaphors; the one of persons who would depreciate, the other the contrary. Even robbers, nowadays, call themselves purveyors. On which principle we may say of a man who "has acted unjustly," that he "is in error"; and of one who "is in error," that he "has acted unjustly," Again, of one who has stolen, both that has taken, (in way of diminution.) and that has ravaged (in exaggeration]. But the saving, as the Telephus of Euripides does, "that he lords it o'er the oars, and landing in Mysia," etc., is out of taste; for the expression, "lording it o'er," is above the dignity of the subject: [the rhetorical artifice] then, is not palmed off. There will also be a fault in the syllables, unless they are significant of a grateful sound; for instance, Dionysius, surnamed Chalcous, in his

elegies, calls poetry, "the clanger of Calliope," because both are vocal sounds; the metaphor, howeven is a pairry one, and couched in uncouth expressions.

Again, our metaphors should not be farfetched; but we should make the transfer, on the principle of assigning names out of the number of kindred objects, and such as are the same in species, to objects which are unuaned, of which, however, it is clear, simultaneously with their being uttered, that they are aldn, as in that approved enigmn,—

A man I once beheld, [and wondering view'd,] Who, on another, brass with fire had glued. —Twining,

for the operation is undesignated by any name, and both are species of attaching, wherefore the writer called the application of the cupping instrument, a gluing. And, generally speaking, it is possible out of neatly constructed enignass to extract excellent metaphors because it is on the principles of metaphor that men construct enignas; so that it is evident to the construct enignas; so that it is evident because the construct enignas; so that it is evident.

The transfer also should be made from objects which are beautiful; beauty, however, of words coasists, as Licymmius observes, in the sound or in the lace conveyed; as does also their inelegence. And there is, moreover, a third, which does sway the sophistical doctrine; since it is not the fact, as Bryss argues, "that no one speaks inelegently, if, indeed, the using one expression intend of another carries with it the same meaning": for this is a faller; is cause some words are nearer in their ordinary acceptations, more assimilated, and have more peculiar cause some words are nearer in their ordinary security of the second or the second of the second o

one word has more or less of beauty and inelegance than another; for although both words, |at the same time, express (properties which are) beautiful, as well as such as are inelegant; yet they either express them not qua they are beautiful, or not qua they are inelegant; or granting they do, yet they express them, the one in a greater, the other in a less degree. But we are to deduce our metaphors from these sources;-from such as are beautiful either in sound, in meaning, or [in the image they present] to the sight, or any other sense. And there is a difference, in the saying, for instance, "the rosy-fingered Aurora," rather than "the purple-fingered," or, what is still worse, "the crimson-fingered."

Also, in the case of epithets, it is very possible to derive one's epithets from a degrading or disgraceful view of the case; for instance, "the murderer of his mother": and we may derive them from a view on the better side; as, "the avenger of his father," And Simonides, when the victor in a race by mules offered him a triffing present, was not disposed to write, as though feeling burt at writing on demiasses: when, however, he offered a sufficient present, he composed the poem-

Hail! Daughters of the generous Horse, That skim, like wind, along the course, etc. -Harris

and yet they were daughters of asses as well, Again, it is possible to express the selfsame thing diminutively. And it is the employment of diminutives which renders both good and evil less; just as Aristophanes jests in "The Babylonians"; using, instead of gold, "a tiny piece of gold"; instead of "a garment," "a little garment"; instead of "reproach." "puny reproach"; and instead of "sickness," "slight indisposition." We ought, however, to be careful, and always keep to the mean in both cases.

Style will possess the quality of being in good taster, if it be expressive at once of feeling and character, and in proportion to the subject-matter. This proportion, however, is preserved, provided the style be neither careless on questions of dignity, nor dignified on such as are mean: neither to a mean word let ornament be superadded; otherwise it appears mere burlessue.

But [the style] expressive of feeling, supposing the case be one of assault, is the style of a man in a passion; if, however, it be one of loathsomeness and impicty, the expressing yourself with disgust and painful caution; if, however, the case demand praise, with exultation; if pity, with submission; and so on in the other cases. And a style which is appropriate, moreover, invests the subject with persuasive efficacy. For the mind is cheated into a persuasion, that the orator is speaking with sincerity, because under such circumstances men stand affected in that manner. So that people suppose things to be even as the speaker states them, what though, in reality, they are not; and the hearer has a kindred feeling with the orator, who expresses himself feelingly, even should be say nothing to the purpose; availing themselves of which, may bear down their hearers in the storm of passion.

THE HIGHEST GOOD OF MAN

E VERY art and every scientific system, and in like manner every cause of action and deliberate preference, seems to aim at some good; and consequently "the Good" has been well defined as "that which all things aim at."

But there appears to be a kind of difference in ends; for some are energies; others again beyond these, certain works; but wherever there are certain ends besides the actions, there the works are naturally better than the energies.

Now since there are many actions, arts, and sciences it follows that there are many ends; for of medicine the end is health; of ship-building, a ship; of ceneralship, victory; of economy, wealth, But whatever of such arts are contained under any one faculty (as, for instance, under horsemanship is contained the art of making bridles, and all other horse furniture, and this and the whole art of war is contained under generalship; and in the same manner other arts are contained under different facultics), in all these the ends of the chief arts are more eligible than the ends of the subordinate ones; because for the sake of the former, the latter are nursued. It makes, however, no difference whether the energies themselves, or something else besides these, are the ends of actions, just as it would make no difference in the sciences above mentioned.

If, therefore, there is some end of all that we do, which we wish for all other commt, and if we wish for all other things on account of this, and do not choose everything for the sake of somethings for the sake of somethings on the sake of somethings of would be cauply and vain), it is evident that the would be cauply and vain), it is evident that must be "the good," and the greatest good. Has must be "the good," and the greatest good. Has not then, the knowledge of this end a great influence on the conduct of lifer and, like archers, shall we not have a mark! It so, we ought to endeavor to give which of the selences or faculties it belones.

Now it would appear to be the end of that which is especially the chief and master science, and this seems to be the political science, for it directs what sciences states ought to cultivate, what individuals should learn, and how far they should pursue them. We see, too, that the most valued faculties are comprehended under it, as for example, generalship, economy, rhetoric. Since, then, this science makes commy, rhetoric. Since, then, this science makes cause of the practical sciences, and legislates respiration for the science of the sci

Since all knowledge and every act of deliberate preference aims at some good, let us show what that is, which we say that the political science aims at, and what is the highest good of all things which are done. As to its name, indeed, almost all men are agreed; for both the vulgar and the educated call it happiness: but they suppose that to live well and do well are synonyms with being happy. But concerning the nature of happiness they are at variance, and the vulgar do not give the same definition of it as the educated; for some imagine it to be an obvious and well-known object-such as pleasure, or wealth, or honor; but different men think differently of it; and frequently even the same person entertains different opinions respecting it at different times; for, when diseased, he believes it to be health; when poor, wealth; but, conscious of their own ignorance, they admire those who say that it is something great and beyond them. Some, again, have supposed that besides these numerous goods, there is another self-existent good, which is to all these the cause of their being goods. Now, to examine all the opinions would perhaps be rather unprofitable; but it will be sufficient to examine these which lie most upon the surface, or seem to be most reasonable

ARISTOTLE

Let it not, however, escape our notice, that arguments from principles differ from arguments to principles, for well did Plato also propose doubts on this point, and inquire whether the right way is from principle or to principles; just as in the course from the starting-post to the goad, or the contrary. For we must begin from those things that are known; and things are known in two ways; or some are known to conselves, others are generally known; known to conselves, others are generally known;

Whoever, therefore, is to study with advantage the things which are honorable and just, and in a word the subjects of political science, must have been well and morally educated; for the point from whence we must begin is the fact, and if this is satisfactorily proved, it will be unnecessary to add the reason. Such a student possessar, or would easily acquire, the these qualifications, hear the seminents of Heiseld.

"Far does the man all other men excel, Who, from he wisdom, thinks in all things well, Who, the wisdom of the wisdom of the wisdom, all for the present best, and for the nd. Nor is the man without his share of praise, Who well the dictates of the wise obeys: But he that is not wise himself, nor can Hearten to wisdom, is a useless man,"



EDWIN ARNOLD

Sin Ebwin Arsona, poet and journalist, was born in England in 1882. He won a schulership at Oxford, and received the Newdigate prize for poetry. In addition to his numerous poems he wrote a number of practical books on education and administration in India. "The Light of Asia" is his most framous work.

SERENADE

(The MacMillan Co., Publishers)

UTE! breathe thy lowest in my Lady's ear,
Sing while she sleeps, "Ah! belle dame,
aimexvous?"
Till, dreaming still, she dream that I am here,

And wake to find it, as my love is, true;
Then, while she listens in her warm white nest,
Say in slow music,—softer, tenderer yet,
That lute-strings quiver when their tone's at rest
And my heart trembles when my lips are set.

Stars! if my sweet love still a-dreaming lies, Shine through the roses for a lover's sake; And send your silver to her lidded eyes,

Kissing them very gently till she wake; Then, while she wonders at the lay and light, Tell her, though morning endeth star and song, That ye live still, when no star glitters bright,

hat ye live still, when no star glitters bright, And my love lasteth, though it find no tongue,

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

Yet not to love Alone trusted the king: love's prison-house Stately and beautiful he bade them build, So that in all the earth no marvel was Like Vishramvan, the prince's pleasure-prese. Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose A verdant hill whose base Robini bathed, Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet. To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves. Southward is a growth of tamarind trees, and salt Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi-flowers. Shut out the world, save if the city's hum Came on the wind no harsher than when bees Hum out of sight in thickets. Northward soared The stainless ramps of buge Himâla's wall. Ranged in white ranks against the blue-untrod. Infinite, wonderful-whose unlands vast, And lifted universe of crest and crass. Shoulder and shelf, green slope and jey horn, Riven ravine, and splintered precipice Led climbing thought higher and higher, until It seemed to stand in beaven and speak with gods.

The builders set the bright partino up, Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers On either fauk and pillarea cloisters round. Its beams were carred with stories of old time—Radba and Krishna and the sylvnn girls—Sits and Hanuman and Draupadi; And on the middle porch god Ganesha, With disk and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth-propitious safe, wreathing his sidelong trunk. By winding ways of garden and of court. The liner gets was reached, of marble wrought,

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

White with plak veins the listel lendl, The threshold alabater, and the done Sanda-wood, cut in pletured panellings Sanda-wood, cut in pletured panellings and the plate of the plate of the plate of the Panelling of the plate of the plate of the plate Panelling of the plate of the plate of the plate Through lattice of plates, 'notth palated roofs And distorring columns, where coil fountains frinced is the plate of the

fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and

blue Great-eved gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing Fluttered among the pairs; doves, green and gray, Built their safe nests on gilded cornices; Over the shining pavements peacocks drew The splendors of their trains, sedately watched By milk-white herons and the small house-owls. The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit The vellow sun-birds whirred from bloom to bloom, The timid lizards on the lattice basked Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand, For all was peace; the shy black snake, that gives Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played And brown-eved monkeys chattered to the crows. And all this house of love was peopled fair With sweet attendance, so that in each part With lovely sights were gentle faces found. Soft speech and willing service, each one glad To sladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey: Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara Queen of the enchanting court

But innermost, Beyond the richness of those hundred halls; A secret chamber lurked where skill had spen

POWIN ARNOLD

All lovely fantasies to lult the mind. The entrance of it was a cloistered square-Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank-Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs Of milk-white marble: bordered round the tank And on the steps, and all along the frieze With tender inlaid work of agate-stones, Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche, Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim-As if the very day paused and grew eve In love and silence at that bower's gate; For there beyond the gate the chamber was, Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world! Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds, And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe, Lifted to take only the loveliest in. Here, whether it was night or day none knew For always streamed that softening Meht, more bright

Than sumface, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving.
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and edyDelicious foods were spread, and deey fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with anows of Himalay,
And sweetments made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-millic in its own lovy cup,
And night and day served there a chosen hund
Of nautch-girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who framed the sleeping eyes of the happy prince,
And when he waked, led back his throughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and

Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked By chime of ankle bells and wave of arms And sliver vine-strings; while cessences Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread From burning spices soorbed his soul again To drowse by sweet Yasödhara; and thus Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,

The king commanded that within those wells No mention should be made of death or age, Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one dropped In the lovely court—her dark glance dim, her feet Faint in the dance—the guiltless criminal Passed forth an ceils from that Paradise, Leat he should see and suffer at her woe. Bright-eyed Intendants watched to execute Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world Wilson; where aches and plagues were, tears and

And wall of mourners, and grim fume of pyres. Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed In tress of singing-grid or nautch-danner; At every dawn the dying rose was plucked, The dead leaves hid, all cvil sights removed: For said the king, "I fe shall pass his youth Far from such things as move to wist/haless, And broading on the empty og set thought, The shadow of this fats, too was for man, The shadow of the fats, too was for man, The shadow of the fats, too was for man, The shadow of the fats too was for man, The shadow of the fats too was for the shall rule all lands—if he will rule—The king of kings and glory of his time."

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud, When mangoes redden and the asoka buds Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes, And all the fields are glad and all the towns, Softly that night fell over Vishramyan, Fragrant with blooms and jeweled thick with stars, And cool with mountain airs sighing adown From snow-flats on Himâla high outspread; For the moon swung above the eastern peaks, Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear Robini's ripples and the hills and plains And all the sleeping land, and near at hand Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house, Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was, Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round; Whereat the earth lay still, except for call Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill Of crickets on the garden grounds.

Within-

Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors Paved with veined marble-softly fell her beams On such rare company of Indian girls, It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise Where Devis rested. All the chosen ones Of Prince Siddartha's pleasure home were there, The brightest and most faithful of the court, Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep, That you had said, "This is the pearl of all t" Save that beside her or beyond her lay Fairer and fairer till the pleasured gaze Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work, Caught by each color till the next is seen. With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair Bound back with gold or flowers or flowing loose

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

in black waves down the shapely nane and neels. Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils, They slept, no wearier than leweled birds Which sing and love all day, then under wing Fold head till morn bids sing and love again. Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof In silver chains, and fed with perfuned oils, Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades. Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace. The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained paims Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark, The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string. The satin-lidded eyes with lashes dropped Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists, The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked, Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved, Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance Praised by the prince, some magic ring to find, Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length, Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings The little fingers still all interlaced As when the last notes of her light song played Those radiant eves to sleep and scaled her own. Another slumbered folding in her arms A desert antelope, its slender head Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts Soft nestling: it was eating-when both drowsed-Red roses, and her loosening hand still held A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed Together, weaving mogra-buds, which bound Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain. Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart, One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her. Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones To make a necklet-agate, onvx, sard, Coral and moonstone-round her wrist it gleamed

EDWIN ARNOLD

A cell of spiralid color, while she held, Unitareaded spit, the beast to tone it up Green turbin, earwel with prolean goal and scripts. Lalled by the cadence of the garden stream. Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn To open and make daylight beautiful. This was the antechamber of the prince; But at the purchash's fringe the sweetest slept—Gunga and Golami—Giller inhibitors

The purdah hung. Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold, Across a portal carved in sandal wood. Whence by three steps the way was to the bower Of inmost splendor, and the marriage-couch Set on dais soft with silver cloths. Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pears, Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave; And o'er the alabaster roof there ran Rich inlavings of lotus and of bird. Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade. Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome, And down the sides, and all about the frames Wherein were set the fretted lattices. Through which there breathed, with moonlight and

cool airs, Scents from the shell flowers and the Jasmine sprays Not bringing thither grace or tenderness Sweeter than shelf from those fair presences Within the place—the beauteous Sakya prince, And hers, the stately, bright Yasodhara. Half risen from her soft nest at his skide,

Half risen from her soft nest at his side, The chuddah fallen to her waist, her brow Laid in both palms, the lovely princess leaned With heaving bosom and fast falling tears,

THE LIGHT OF ASTA

Thrice with her lips she touched Siddartha's hand. And at the third kiss mouned, "Awake, my Lord ! Give me the comfort of thy speech !" Then he-"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still She mouned anew before the words would come: Then spake, "Alas, my prince! I sank to sleep Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee Quickened this eye, and at my heart there heat That double pulse of life and joy and love: Whose happy music lulled me, but-ah !-In slumber I beheld three sights of dread. With thought whereof my heart is throbbing vet. I saw a white bull with wide branching horas, A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets, Bearing upon his front a gem which shone As if some star had dropped to glitter there, Or like the kantha-stone the great snake keens To make bright daylight underneath the earth. Slow through the streets toward the gates he paced, And none could stay him, though there came a voice From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not, The glory of the city goeth forth.' Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud, And locked my arms about his neck, and strove And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king Bellowed, and lightly tossing free his crest, Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars, Trampled the warders down and passed away. The next strange dream was this: Four presences Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful They seemed the regents of the earth who, dwell On mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky With retinue of countless heavenly ones, Swift swept unto our city, where I saw The golden flag of Indra on the gate Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead A glorious banner, all the folds whereof Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn 107

Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom Set forth new words and weighty sentences Whose message made all living creatures glad: And from the east the wind of sunrise blew With tender waft, opening those leweled scrolls So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms-Plucked in what clime I know not-fell in showers, Colored as none are colored in our groves."

Then spake the prince: "All this, my lotus flower: Was good to sec." "Ah lord," the princess said, "Save that it ended with a voice of fear Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!' Thereat the third dream came; for then I sought Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay An unpressed pillow and an empty robe-Nothing of thee but those!-nothing of thee. Who art my life and light, my king, my world! And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts, Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall; The jasmines in my hair wither to dust: While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground, And something rent the crimson purdah down; Then far away I heard the white bull low, And far away the embroidered banner flap, And once again that cry 'The time is come!' But with that cry-which shakes my spirit still-I woke! O prince! what may such visions mean Except I die, or-worse than any death-Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken?"

Sweet

As the last smile of sunset was the look Siddartha bent upon his weeping wife. "Comfort thee, dear !" he said, "if comfort lives In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be Shadow of things to come, and though the gods

HE AND SHE

Are shaken in their seats, and though the world Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help, Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me, Be sure I loved and love Yashdhara."

HE AND SHE

SHE is dead!" they said to him: "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair; On her forchead of marble they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gased too much They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well. The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face. They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes,— Which were the whitest no eye could choose,—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands, "Come away!" they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary; And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room, With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom,

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PRINT ARNOLD

But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead.

The sweet, the stately, the beautiful de He lit his lamp, and took the key

And turned it—alone again, he and she. He and she; but she would not speak,

Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved crewhile,

He and she; still she did not move To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts without breath, Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear! I hold the breath of my soul to hear. "I listen as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell,

"There must be pleasure in dving, sweet." To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,

And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed .--"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,-

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing

Of all the surprises that dying must bring." Ah. foolish world! O most kind dead!

Though he told me, who will believe it was said? Who will believe that he heard her say,

With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way,

"The utmost wonder is this,-I hear And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"I am your angel, who was your bride, And know that though dead, I have never died."

A HOME SONG

(Swanscombe, April 1887)

THE swallow is come from his African home To build on the English eaves: The sycamore wears all his alistening spears. And the almond rains reseate leaves; And, dear Love ! with thee, as with bird and with

Tis the time of blossom and nest. Then, what good thing of the bountiful Spring

Shall I liken to thee the hest 2

EDWIN ARNOLD

Over the streamlet the rose-bushes bend
Clouded with tender green,
And green the buds grow upon every bough,
Though as yet no rose-tint is seen;
Like those, thou art come to thy promise of bloom,
Like theirs, thine shunneth the light;
Brosk, rose-bud —and let a longing heart know

Up the broad river with swelling sails
A glorious vessel goes,
And not more clear in the soft blue air
Than in the still water she shows!
Dost thou not go with as brave a show,
And, sooth with as swelling a state?

If the blossom he red or white!

Oh, come into harbor with that thou bear'st, Dear ship!-for I eagerly wait.

Fair ship!—ah, Kate! none beareth a freight
As precious and rich as thine,
And where's the rose-bush that will burgeon and
blush

With a blossom like thine and mine?
Well! Well! we do as the meadow-birds too,
Since meadows with gold were dyed,
The hen sits at rest in the hidden nest.
And her mate sings glad at her side,

THE RAJAH'S RIDE

NOW is the devil-horse come to Sindh! Wah! wah! Gooroo!—that is true! Now is the devil-horse come to Sindh!
Wah! wah! Gooroo!—that is true!
His belly is stuffed with the fire and the wind.
But a fleeter steed had Runicet Dehu!

THE RAJAH'S RIDE

It's forty koss from Lahore to the ford Forty and more to far Jummoo; Fast may go the Feringhee lord, But never so fast as Runject Dehu t

Runject Dehu was King of the Hill, Lord and eagle of every crest; Now the swords and the spears are still, God will have it—and God knows best!

Rajah Runject sate in the sky, Watching the loaded Kafilas in; Affghan, Kashmerce, passing by, Paid him pushm to save their skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain,
Wah! the sparkle of steel on steel t
And up the pass came singing again
With a lakh of silver borne at his heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word, Wah! wah! trust a liar to lie! Down from his cyrie they tempted my Bird, And clipped his wings that he could not fly.

Ten months Runject lay in Lahore— Fast by the gate at the Runchenee Pul; Sad was the soul of Chunda Kour, Glad the merchants of rich Kuraool.

Ten months Runjeet lay in Lahore— Wah! a hero's heart is brass! Ten months never did Chunda Kour Braid her hair at the tiring-glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan,
Wah! God made him to match the hawk!
Fast beside him the four grooms ran,
To keep abreast of the Toorkman's walk.

WIN ARNOLD

Black as the bear on Iskardoo; Savage at heart as a tiger chained; Fleeter than hawk that ever flew,

"Runject Dehu! come forth from thy hold"-Wah! ten months had rusted his chain!
"Ride this Sheltan's liver cold"-

"Ride this Sheitan's liver cold"— Runject twisted his hand in the mane;

Runject sprang to the Toorkman's back, Wah! a king on a kingly throne! Snort, black Sheitan! till nostrils crack, Rajah Runject sits, a stone.

Three times round the maidan he rode,
Touched its neck at the Kashmere wall,
Struck the spurs till they spurted blood,
Leant the rampart before them all!

Breasted the waves of the blue Ravee, Forty horsemen mounting behind, Forty bridle-chains flung free, Wall wall better chase the wind!

Chunda Kour sate sad in Jummoo:—
Hark! what horse-hoof echoes without?
"Rise! and welcome Runjeet Dehu—
Wash the Touriman's nostrils out!

"Forty koss he has come, my life!
Forty koss back he must carry me;
Rajah Runjeet visits his wife,
He steels no steed like on Afraedee.

"They bade me teach them how to ride— Wah! wah! now I have taught them well!" Chunda Kour sank low at his side; Rajah Runject rode the hill,

THE RAJAH'S RIDE

When he came back to far Lahore— Long or ever the night began Spake he, "Take your horse once more, He carries well—when he bears a man!"

Then they gave him a khillut and gold, All for his honor and grace and truth; Send him back to his mountain-hold— Muslim manners have touch of ruth;

Send him back, with dances and drum Wah! my Rajah Runjeet Dehu! To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home— Wah! wah! Futtee!—wah. Gooroo!



MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTIEW AINCID, English essayist and poet, son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, born in 1892; died at Liverpool, 1898. He graduated from Corford with honors, receiving a prize for his poem "Cromwell." In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His prose works cover many subjects, those dealing with theology being the best known.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shorewards blow,
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go— Call once yet, he will know; In a voice that she will know; Margaret! Margaret! Children's voices should be dear (Call once more) to a mother's ear; Children's voices, wild with pain— Surely she will come again! Call ber once, and come away; This way! this way!

THE PORSAKEN MERMAN

The wild white horses foam and fret. Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down! Call no more. One last look at the white-walled town, And the little gray church on the windy shore; Then come down!

She will not come! though you call all day; Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday We heard the sweet bells over the bay? In the caverns where we lay, Through the surf and through the swell, The far-off sound of a silver bell? Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep. Where the winds are all asleep; Where the spent lights quiver and gleam, Where the salt weed sways in the stream. Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round, Feed in the coze of their pasture-ground; Where the sea-snakes coil and twine. Dry their mail, and bask in the brine: Where great whales come sailing by, Sail and sail, with unshut eve, Round the world for ever and ave? When did music come this way? Children dear, was it vesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Cal yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-of bell.
Bell, bell beloeke up through the cleer green.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray In the little gray church on the shore to-day. Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah mel." And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee," I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves; Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-

caves P'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the
bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan!
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come." I said; and we rose through the surf in the

bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled

town:

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still.

To the little gray church on the windy hill. From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers.

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
'Margarel, hist come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are leng alone.
The sea grows storny; the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her cyes were sealed to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest! shut stands the door.
Come away, come down, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Down, down, down! Down to the depths of the sea! She sits at her wheel in the humming town. Singing most joyfully. Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy, For the humming street, and the child with its toy! For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well: For the wheel where I spun, And the blessed light of the sun!" And so she sings her fill. Singing most joyfully, Till the spindle drops from her hand. And the whizzing wheel stands still. She steals to the window and looks at the sand. And over the sand at the sea-And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye, And a heart sorrow-laden.

A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine is the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the wares roar.
We shall see, while above us
The wares roar and whir,
A ceiling of a children was
A ceiling of a children
Singling. "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she:

Come away, away, children:

He Inid us as we lay at birth.

On the cool, flowery lap of earth

Smiles broke from us can be had ease;

The fills were round us, and the brocce

The fills were round us, and the brocce

One foreback felt the wind and rain,

Our youth returned; for there was shed

On spirits that had long been dead,

Spirits dried up and closely furled,

The frashers of the early world.

Ahl since dark days still bring to light Man's prudence and man's flery night, Time may restore us in his course Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force; But where will Europe's latter hour Again find Wordsworth's healing power? Others will teach us how to dare,

And against fear our breast to steel; Others will strengthen us to bear— But who, sh! who, will make us feel?

The cloud of mortal destiny, Others will front it fearlessly— But who, like him, will put it by? Keep fresh the grass upon his grave, O Rotha, with thy living wave! Sing him thy best! for few or none Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

A FINAL WORD ON AMERICA (From an essay in the Nineteenth Century)

SIR HENRY MAINE, in an admirable essay which, though not signed, betrays him for its author by its rare and characteristic qualities of mind and style—Sir Henry Maine in the Quarterity Review adopts and often retterates a phrase of M. Scherer, to the effect that "democracy is only a form

of government." He holds up to ridicule a sentence of Mr. Bancroft's "History," in which the American democracy is told that its ascent to power " proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the degrees of eternity." Let us be willing to give Sir Henry Maine his way and to allow no magnificent claim of this kind on behalf of the American democracy. Let us treat as not more solid the assertion in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let us concede that these natural rights are a figment; that chance and circumstance, as much as deliberate foresight and design, have brought the United States into their present condition, that moreover the British rule which they threw off was not the rule of oppressors and tyrants which declaimers suppose; and that the merit of the Americans was not that of oppressed men rising against tyrants, but rather of sensible young people getting rid of stupid and overweening guardians who misunderstood and mismanaged them.

All this let us concede, if we will; but in conceding it let us not lose sight of the really important point, which is this: that their institutions do in fact suit the people of the United States so well, and that from this suitableness they do device so much actual benefit. As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to onch, mind of a man in a sait of clothes which sits him to perfection, leaving all his movements unimpeded and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, the control of the string close is an advantage. Those where its sitting close is an advantage, it is own hand those functions which, if the nation is to have real unity, ought to be legal there; those functions it takes to itself and no others.

The State governments and the municipal governments provide people with the fullest liberty of managing their own affairs, and afford, besides, a constant and invaluable school of practical experience, This wonderful suit of clothes, again (to recur to our image), is found also to adapt itself naturally to the wearer's growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise. I speak of the state of things since the suppression of slavery, of the state of things which meets a spectator's eve at the present time in America. There are points in which the institutions of the United States may call forth criticism. One observer may think that it would be well if the President's term of office were longer, if his ministers sat in Congress or must possess the confidence of Congress. Another observer may say that the marriage laws for the whole nation ought to be fixed by Congress, and not to vary at the will of the legislatures of the several States. I myself was much struck with the inconvenience of not allowing a man to sit in Congress except for his own district; a man like Wendell Phillips was thus eveluded, because Boston would not return him. It is as if Mr. Bright could have no other constitue ency open to him if Rochdale would not send him to Parliament. But all these are really questions of machinery (to use my own term), and ought not so to engage our attention as to prevent our seeing that the capital fact as to the institutions of the United States is this, their suitableness to the American people and their natural and easy working. If we are not to be allowed to say, with Mr. Beecher, that this people has "a genius for the organization of States," then at all events we must admit that in its own organization it has enjoyed the most signal good fortune.

THE REAL BURNS

BY his English poetry Burns in general belongs to the eighteenth century, and has little importance for us.

"Mark ruffian violence, distain'd with crimes, Rousing elate in these degenerate times; View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, As guiferul Fraud points out the crinig way; While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue The lifeblo

Evidently this is not the real Burns, or his name and frame would have disappeared long ago. Nor is Clarinda's love poet, Sylvander, the real Burns either. But he tells us himself: "These English songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more burnen in English than in Scotch. I have been at 'Duancan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is desperately stupid.' We English turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language, because we can read them castly; but in those poems we have not the real

The real Burns is of course in his Scotch poems, a Let us boldly asy that of much of this poets, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch effects (Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal. A Scotchman is used to this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, he has a tenderness for it; he meets his poet balf way. In this tender most because the scotch of the scotch religion, and Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when Yzelf it is not a beautiful world, and no one can deng that it is of advantage to a poet to deal with deng that it is of advantage to a poet to deal with a beautiful world. Burne's world of Scotch drinks, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is often a branch a sordid, a repulsive world; even the world of his "Cetter's Sturleya Night" is not a beautiful world. No dowlt a poet's criticism of life may have such turth and power that it triumphs over its world and delights us. Burns may triumph over his world, but let us observe how and where. Burns is the first case we have have the bias of the personal estimate tends to mislead; let us look at him closely, he can bear it.

Many of his admirers will tell us that we have Burns, convivial, genuine, delightful, here:

> "Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair Than either school or college; It kindles wit, it waukens lair, It pangs us fou o' knowledge. Be't whisky gill or penny wheep

Or any stronger potion, It never fails, on drinking deep, To kittle up our notion

By night or day."

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in Burns, and it is unsatisfactory, not because it is acchanalian poetry, but because it has not that accent of sincerly which bacchanalian poetry, to do it justice, very often has. There is something in it of bravado, something which makes us feel that we have not the man speaking to us with his real voice;

something, therefore, poetically unsound.

With still more confidence will bis admirers tell us that we have the genuine Burns, the great poet, when his strain asserts the independence, equality, dignity, of men, as in the famous song, "For a' that and a' that?"

THE REAL BURNS

"A prince can mak' a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; But an honest man's aboon his might Guid faith he mauna fa' that ! For a' that and a' that Their dignities and a' that,

Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that."

Here they find his grand, genuine touches; and still more, when this puissant genius, who so often set morality at defiance, falls moralizing:

"The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing,
But och' it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

Or in a higher strain:

"Who made the heart, "tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord, its various tions. Each spring, its various bix Then at the balance let's be mute. We never can adjust fi; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted."

Or in a better strain yet, a strain, his admirers will say, unsurpassable:

"To make a happy fireside clime To weans and wife, That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life." There is criticism of life for you, the admirers of Burns will say to us; there is the application of learns will say to us; there is the application of lies to life! There is, undoubtedly. The doctrine of the lact-quoted lines coincides almost exactly with what was the aim and end, Xenophon tells us, of all the teaching of Secrets. And the application is a powerful one; made by a man of vigorous understanding, and (need 1 say?) a master of language.

But for supreme poetical success more is required than the powerful application of ideas to life; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Those laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's truth and ment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness—the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. The accent of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity, is what gives to such verse as

"In la sua volontade e nostra pace. . . . "

to such criticism of life as Dantés its power. Is this accent 16 th the passages which I have been quoting from Burnes? Surely not; surely; if our sense is quick, we must perceive that we have not in those passages a voice from the very inmost soul of the genuine Burnes; he is not speaking, to us from the genuine Burnes; he is not speaking, to us from compensation for admiring such passages less, from missing the perfect poetle accent in them, will be that we shall admire more the poetry where that accent is found.

No; Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of the high seriousness of the great classies, and the virtue of matter and manner which goes with that high seriousness is wanting to his work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines taken by Byron as a motto for "The Giosur," but which have in them

THE REAL BURNS

a depth of poetic quality such as resides in no verse of Byron's own:

"Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met, or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-bearted."

But a whole poem of that quality Burns cannot make; the rest, in the "Farewell to Nancy," is verblase.

We arrive best at the real estimate of Burns, I Baink, by conceiving his work as having truth of mate-ker and truth of manner, but not the accent of the poetic virtue of the highest masters. His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic; if is not:

"Thou Power Supreme whose mighty scheme
These wees of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest, they must be best
Because they are Thy will!"

It is far rather, "Whistle owre the lave o't!" Yet we may say of him as of Chaucer, that of life and the world, as they come before him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant-truly poetic, therefore; and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match. But we must note, at the same time, his great difference from Chaucer. The freedom of Chaucer is heightened, in Burns, by a fiery, reckless energy; the benignity of Chancer deepens, in Burns, into an overwhelming sense of the pathos of thingsof the pathos of human nature, the pathos, also, of non-human nature. Instead of the fluidity of Chaucer's manner, the manner of Burns has spring, bounding swiftness. Burns is by far the greater force, though he has perhaps less charm. The world of Chaucer is fairer, richer, more significant than that of Burns; but when the largeness and freedom of

Barns get full sweep, as in "Tam o' Shanter," or still more in that puisant and splendid production, "The Jolly Beggars," his world may be what it will, his peetic genius trimphs over it. In the world of "The Jolly Beggars" there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestillity yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power which make the fanous seems in Auerbach's power which make the fanous seems in Auerbach's beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespears and Artskobmach.

Here, where his largeness and freedom serve him so admirably, and also in those poems and songs, where to shrewdness he adds infinite archness and wit, and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is flawless, and a perfect poetic whole is the result-in things like the addresss to the mouse whose home he had ruined; in things like "Duncan Gray," "Tam Glen," "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad," "Auld Lang Syne" (the list might be made much longer)—here we have the genuine Burns, of whom the real estimate must be high indeed. Not a classic, nor with the excellent spondajotas of the great classics, nor with a verse rising to a criticism of life and a virtue like theirs; but a poet with thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of style, giving us a poetry sound to the core. We all of us have a leaning toward the pathetic, and may be inclined perhaps to prize Burns most for his touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable, pathos: for verse like:

"We twa hae paid!'t i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne...."

-where he is as lovely as he is sound. But perhaps it is by the perfection of soundness of his lighter

THE REAL BURNS

and archer masterpieces that he is poetically most wholesome for us. For the votary misled by a personal estimate of Shelley, as so many of us have been, are, and will be—of that beautiful spirit building his many-colored haze of words and images

"Pinnacled dim in the intense lnane" no contact can be wholesomer than the contact with Burns at his archest and soundest. Side by side with the

"On the brink of the night and the morning My courses are wont to respire,

But the earth has just whispered a warning That their flight must be swifter than fire."

of "Prometheus Unbound," how salutary, how very salutary, to place this from "Tam Gien":

"My minnie does constantly deave me And bids me beware o' young men; They flatter, she says, to deceive me; But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?"

But we enter on burning ground as we approace the poetry of limes so near to us, poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but to have taken the single case of Burns, the first poet we come to of whose work the estimate formed is evidently apt to be personal, and to have a ken to be used to be use

MARCUS AURELIUS

Makers Aubelia Anyonicus was a Roman emperor of the second century after Christ. He was one of the most noted men of antiquity, and list character was exemplified in his reign, which was in marked contrast to that of other rulers of subjoined passages were selected, is perhaps the most striking expression of the best pagan thought.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

FETO bim who hath a true insight into the real nature of the Universe, every change in everything therein that is a part thereof seems appropriate and delightful. The bread that is over-baked so that it cracks and bursts asunder hath not the form desired by the baker; yet none the less it bath a beauty of its own, and is most tempting to the palate. Figs bursting in their ripeness, olives near even unto decay, have yet in their broken ripeness a distinctive beauty. Shocks of corn bending down in their fulness, the lion's mane, the wild boar's mouth all flecked with foam, and many other things of the same kind, though perhaps not pleasing in and of themselves, yet as necessary parts of the Universe created by the Divine Being they add to the beauty of the Universe, and inspire a feeling of pleasure. So that if a man hath appreciation of and an insight into the purpose of the Universe, there is scarcely a portion thereof that will not to him in a sense seem adapted to give delight. In this sense the open

THE GODS BE THANKED

jaws of wild beasts will appear no less pleasing than their prototypes in the realm of art. Even in old men and women he will be able to perceive a distinctive maturity and seemliness, while the vinsome bloom of youth he can contemplate with eyes from leactions desire. And to like manner it will be with very many things which to every one may not seem pleasing, but which will certainly rejoice the man who is a true student of Nature and herworks:

TO THE PURE ALL THINGS ARE PURE

I N the mind of him who is pure and good will be found neither corruption nor defilment nor any analignant taint. Unlike the actor who leaves the stage before his part is played, the life of such a man is complete whenere death may come. It is neither cowardly nor presuming; not enslaved to life nor indifferent to its duties; and in him is found nothing worthy of condemnation nor that which putteth to shame.

Test by a trial how excellent is the life of the good man;—the man who rejolees at the portion given him in the universal lot and abides therein content; just in all his ways and kindly minded toward all men.

This is moral perfection: to live each day as though it were the last; to be tranquil, sincere, yet not indifferent to one's fate.

THE GODS BE THANKED

TO the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not trial. Parther, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and fadoptive) father who was able jeted to a ruler and fadoptive) father who was able to take away all pride from ma, and to bring me to the knowledge that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private to the things which must be done for the public interest in a mounter that belts a ruler.

I thank the gold that I did not make more profelency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress them; shat I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with the hope of

my doing it some time after.

I thank the gods that I received clear and frequent Impressions about living in accordance with Nature, and what kind of a life that is; so that, so far as dependent on the gods, and their gifts and help and inspiration, nothing hindered me from frontwill leiting according to Nature; though I still observing the admontton of the gods and, I may almost saw their direct instructions.

I thank the gods that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of herlife with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient.

THE GODS BE THANKED

and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children; and that when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not waste my time on scribblers, or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens; for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune.



JANE AUSTEN

JANA AVEEN, novellst, was born at Steventon, England, in 175; died in 1817. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and early availed herself of all opportunities to study ancient and modern writers. "Pride and Prejudice," her best work, stands to-day so me of the English classics, and to be acquainted with the best literature of the past one hundred years.

MR. COLLINS PROPOSES AND ELIZABETH DISPOSES

(From "Pride and Prejudice"

R. COLLINS was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love: for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick sten page her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then procreded to relate the particulars of their interview with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that

MR. COLLINS PROPOSES AND ELIZABETH DISPOSES

her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not be-

liere it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added,
"that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak
to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrone, foolish girl, and does not know her own in-

terest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting yon, madam," cried
Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and
foolish. I know not whether she would altogethe
be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who
naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state.
If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my
suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into
accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of
temper, she could not add nuch to my felicity.

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything class he is as goodnatured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her. I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library:—

"Ob, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her?

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy.

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It

seems a hopeless husiness."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that

you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was

summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir?"
"Very well. We now come to the point. Your
mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not
so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do?"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her

marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coxed and threatrach her by turns. She endeavered to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, someping via the properties of the properties of the playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her namer varied, however, her determination never did,

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in salitude on what had passed. He thought to owned in himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could trace him; and though his pixle was burt, he suffered in no other way. It is regard for her way quite inage mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret. While the family were in this confusion Charlott Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydin, who, flying to her, crede, in a half whinger, 'I am glind you are come, for there is such fru here! What do you think for these is such fru here! What do you think on offer to Lizer, and she will not have him.' some

were joined by Kitty, wno came to tell the same news and no somer had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lacas for her compassion, and enterating her to persude her friend Lizay to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lacas," she added, in a meistachely trae, "for nobody is on yield, probedy takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Av. there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet. "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. I shall not be able to keep you-and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, seasible that any attempt to reason with or soothe ber would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiv-

ing whom she said to the girls :--

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a

little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jame and Kitty followed, but Lydfa shoot her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte detained first by the civility of Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very mitute, and then by a tittle cutootty, satisfied hermitute, and then by a little cutootty, satisfied hermitute, and then by a little cutootty, astisfied hermitute, and the colling of the colli

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter, Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all-the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment: and, I trust I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor. without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismissal from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."

ELIZABETH DEFIES LADY

(From "Pride and Prejudice")

ONE morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with June had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they

perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their engibstors. The houses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it was familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Blingley instantly prevalled on Miss Eminet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion and walk away with the conficiency of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the done was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior

to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her motiler on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth:—

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.
"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking

ELIZABETH DEFIES LADY CATHERINE

with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned

Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west"

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added:-

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before

last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great eivility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eafing anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth:—

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will

be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine
began in the following manner:

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment,

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor or seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an array tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, he soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with estonishment and disdain,

"I wonder you took the trouble of coming se far.
What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report uni-

versally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,—if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"H! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by your-selves? Do you not know that such a report 's spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, my nepnew, made

you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."
It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a morrent of infattation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."
"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have
not been accustomed to such language as this. I
am almost the nearest relation he has in the world.

and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will
such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place—no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?" "Only this—that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me." Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then re-

plied:

"The engagement between them is of a peculialiand. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradits we planned the union and now, at the momenti when their marriags, to be prevented by a young women of Inferior birth, of no Importance in the world, and whoily unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tactlengagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and deleasy? How he was destined for his counsily his carliest hours, he was destined for his counsily his carliest hours,

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me! If there is no other objection to my marrying your nepbew, I shall certainly not be losp from it by knowing that his nother and amit wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriager, his completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is enither by home nor inclination confined to his coustn, why is not be to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I necent him?

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, for forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you wiffully act against the inclinations of all. You like the concurred, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a diagrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth.
"But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such ex-

ELIZABETH DEFIES LADY CATHERINE

traordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girll I am ashumed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying out my purposes; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have me't seen used to subhabit of procking dissupportunent."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in slience, My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the father's from the same noble line; and, on the father's frame respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untilded. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide then?—the upstart pretensions of a vonue woman without family, connections, or fortune! Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother? Who are your uncles and auuts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you." "Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"
Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose
of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation.

"I am not,"

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given

me the assurance I require." "And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can seworked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg. therefore, to be importuned no further on the subfeet."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done, To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your younger sister's infamous elopement; I know it all—that the young man's marry, tag her was a natched-up business at the expense

ELIZABETH DEFIES LADY CATHERINE

of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the

house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.
"You have no regard, then, for the honor and

redit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eves of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duly, honor and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elliabeth, "has any possible claim on me, in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my merriage with Kir. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the hadignation of the world, if the former were excited by and the contraction of the contraction of the concentral and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the second.

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to not Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it, I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning

hastily round, she added:

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such at-

tention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house. walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing-room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter: "she would go,"

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I sunpose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to vou. Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

LYDIA BENNET'S WEDDING (From " Pride and Prejudice ")

HEIR sister's wedding-day arrived, and Jane and Elizabeth felt for her probably more than she felt for herself. The carriage was sent to meet

LYDIA BENNET'S WEDDING

them at —, and they were to return in it by dinner-time. Their arrival was dreaded by the elder Miss Bennets, and Jane more especially, who gave Lydia the feelings which would have attended herself had she been the culprit, and was wretched in the thought of what her sister must endure.

They came. The family were assembled in the breakfast-room to receive them. Smiles decked the face of Mrs. Bennet as the carriage drove up to the door; her husband looked impenetrably grave; her

daughters alarmed, anxious, uneasy,

Lydia's voice was heard in the vestibule; the doowas thrown open, and she ran into the room. Her mother stepped forward, embraced her, and welcomed her with rapture; gave her hand, with an affectionate smile, to Wickham, who followed his lady; and wished them both joy with an alacrity which showed no doubt of their happiness.

Their reception from Mr. Bennet, to whom they then turned, was not quite so cerdial. His countenance rather gained in austerity, and he searcely opened his lips. The easy assurance of the young couple, indeed, was enough to provoke him. Elisabeth was disgusted, and even Miss Bennet was shocked. Lydia was Lydia still—untuned, unbashed, with, only, and fearless. She turned from sister to sister, demanding their congrutulations; and, when at length they all said down, looked engerly round the room, took notice of some little alteration with the side of the counter of the counterpart of the way of the counterpart of the counterpart of the counterpart of the way of the counterpart of the counterpart of the counterpart of was a counterpart of the counterpart of the counterpart of the way of the counterpart of the counterpart of the counterpart of the way of the counterpart of the counterpart of the counterpart of the way of the counterpart of the co

Wickham was not at all more distressed than hesself; but his manners were always so pleasing, that had his character and his marriage been exactly what they ought, his smiles and easy address, while he claimed their relationship, would have delighted them all. Elizabeth had not before believed him quite equal to such assurance; but she sat down, resolv-

ing within herself to draw no limits in future to the impudence of an impudent man. She blushed, and Jane blushed; but the cheeks of the two who caused their confusion suffered no variation of color.

There was no want of discourse. The bride and her mother could neither of them talk fast enough: and Wickham, who happened to sit near Elizabeth, began inquiring after his acquaintance in that neighborhood with a good-humored ease which she felt very unable to equal in her replies. They seemed each of them to have the happiest memories in the world. Nothing of the past was recollected with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world.

"Only think of its being three months," she cried, "since I went away! it seems but a fortnight, I declare! and yet there have been things enough happened in the time. Good gracious! when I went away I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be

very good fun if I was."

Her father lifted up his eyes: Jane was distressed: Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never saw or heard anything of which she chose to be insensible, gayly continued: "Oh, mamma, do the people hereabouts know I am married to-day? I was afraid they might not; and we overtook William Goulding in his curricle, so I was determined he should know it; and so I let down the side-glass pext to him, and took off my glove and let my hand just rest upon the window-frame, so that he might see the ring, and then I bowed and smiled like anything."

Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up and ran out of the room; and returned no more till she heard them passing through the hall to the dining parlor. She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia, with anxious parade, walk up to her mother's

LYDIA BENNEY'S WEIGHNA

right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister, "Ah, Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman."

It was not to be supposed that time would give Lydia that embarrassment from which she had beso wholly free at first. Her ease and good spiriincreased. She longed to see Mrs. Philips, the Lucases, and all their other neighbors, and to hear herself called "Mrs. Wickham" by each of them; and in the meantime she went after dinner to show her ring, and boast of being married, to Mrs. Hill and the two housemaids.

"Well, mamma," said she, when they were all returned to the breakfast-room, "and what do you think of my husband? Is not he a charming man? I am sure my sisters must all envy me. I only hone they may have half my good-luck. They must all go to Brighton-that is the place to get husbands, What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go."

"Very true; and if I had my will we should. But, my dear Lydia, I don't at all like your going such a

way off. Must it be so?"

"O Lord! yes; there is nothing in that. I shall like it of all things. You and papa, and my sisters, must come down and see us. We shall be at Neweastle all the winter, and I dare say there will be some balls, and I will take care to get good partners for them all."

"I should like it beyond anything," said her

mother.

"And then when you go away you may leave one or two of my sisters behind you, and I dare say I shall get husbands for them before the winter is over."

"I thank you for my share of the favor," said Elizabeth: "but I do not particularly like your way of setting husbands."

Their visitors were not to remain above ten days

with them. Mr. Wicknam had received his commission before he left London, and he was to join his

regiment at the end of a fortnight.

No one but Mrs. Bennet regretted that their stay would be so short; and she made the most of her time by visiting about with her daughter, and having very frequent parties at home. These parties were acceptable to all: to avoid a family circle was even more desirable to such as did think than such as did not.

Wickham's affection for Lydia was just what Elizabeth had expected to find it-not equal to Lvdia's for him. She had scarcely needed her present observation to be satisfied, from the reason of things, that their elopement had been brought on by the strength of her love rather than by his; and she would have wondered why, without violently earing for her, he chose to clope with her at all, had she not felt certain that his flight was rendered necessary by distress of circumstances; and if that were the case, he was not the young man to resist the opportunity of having a companion.

Lydia was exceedingly fond of him. He was her dear Wickham on every occasion; no one was to be put in competition with him. He did everything best in the world; and she was sure he would kill more birds on the first of September than anybody else in the country.

One morning, soon after their arrival, as she was sitting with her two elder sisters, she said to Elizabeth .

"Lizzy, I never gave you an account of my wedding, I believe. You were not by when I told mamma and the others all about it. Are not you curious to hear how it was managed ?"

"No, really," replied Elizabeth; "I think there cannot be too little said on the subject."

LYDIA BENNET'S WEDDING

how it went off. We were married, you know, at St. Clement's, because Wicksham's lodgings were in that parish. And it was settled that we should all be there by eleven o'clock. My uncle and aunt and I were to go together, and the others were to meet us at the church. Well, Monday morning came, and I was in such a fuss! I was so afraid, you know, that something would happen to put it off, and then I should have gone quite distracted. And there was my annt, all the time I was dressing, preaching and talking away just as If she was dressing, because mon. However, I did not bear above one word in ten, for I was thinking, you may suppose, of my ten, for I was thinking, you may suppose, of my are recived in the block of the words.

"Well, and so we breakfasted at ten, as usual, I thought it would never be over, for, by the bye, you are to understand that my uncle and aunt were horrid unpleasant all the time I was with them. "4 you'll believe me, I did not once put my foot out-ofdoors, though I was there a fortnight. Not one party, or scheme, or anything. To be sure, London was rather thin; but, however, the Little Theater was open. Well, and so just as the carriage came to the door, my uncle was called away upon business to that horrid man, Mr. Stone. And then, you know, when once they get together there is no end of it. Well, I was so frightened I did not know what to do, for my uncle was to give me away; and if we were beyond the hour we could not be married all day. But, luckly, he came back again in ten minutes' time, and then we all set out. However, I recollected afterward that if he had been prevented going, the wedding need not be put off, for Mr. Darcy might have done as well."

"Mr. Darcy!" repeated Elizabeth, in utter amaze-

[&]quot;Oh, yes! he was to come there with Wickham, you

know. But, gracious me! I quite forgot. I ought not to have said a word about it: I promised them so faithfully! What will Wickham say? It was to be such a secret!"

"If it was to be a secret," said Jane, "say not another word on the subject. You may depend upon

my seeking no farther."

"Oh, certainly," said Elizabeth, though burning with curiosity: "we will ask you no questions,"

"Thank you," said Lydia; "for if you did, I should certainly tell you all, and then Wickham

would be so angry!"

On such encouragement to ask, Elizabeth was forced to put it out of her power by running away.

But to live in ignorance on such a point was impossible; or at least it was impossible not to try for information. Mr. Darcy had been at her sister's wedding. It was exactly a scene, and exactly among people, where he had apparently least to do, and least temptation to go. Conjectures as to the meaning of it, rapid and wild, hurried into her brain, but she was satisfied with none. Those that best pleased her, as placing his conduct in the noblest light, seemed almost improbable. She could not bear such suspense; and hastily seizing a sheet of paper, wrote a short letter to her aunt, to request an explanation of what Lydia had dropped, if it were compatible with the secrecy which had been intended.

"You may readily comprehend," she added, "what my curiosity must be to know how a person unconnected with any of us, and, comparatively speaking, a stranger to our family, should have been among you at such a time. Pray write instantly, and let me understand it-unless it is, for very cogent reasons, to remain in the secrecy which Lydia seems to think necessary; and then I must endeavor to be satisfied with ignorance.

"Not that I shall, though," she added to berself. 176

and she finished the letter: " and, my dear aunt, if you do not tell me in an honorable manner, I shall certainly be reduced to tricks and stratagems to find it out."

Jane's delicate sense of honor would not allow her to speak to Elizabeth privately of what Lydia had let fall. Elizabeth was glad of it; till it appeared whether her inquiries would receive any satisfaction. she had rather be without a confidante.

MR RENNET AND MR COLLINS PLAY BACKGAMMON

(From " Pride and Prejudice ")

URING dinner, Mr. Bennet scarcely spoke at all; but when the servants were withdrawn he thought it time to have some conversation with his guest, and therefore started a subject in which by expected him to shine, by observing that he seemed very fortunate in his patroness. Lady Catherine de Bourgh's attention to his wishes, and consideration for his comfort, appeared very remarkable. Mr. Bennet could not have chosen better. Mr. Collins was eloquent in her praise. The subject elevated him to more than usual solemnity of manner; and with a most important aspect he protested that "he had never in his life witnessed such behavior in a person of rank, such affability and condescension, as he had himself experienced from Lady Catherine. She had been graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses which he had already had the honor of preaching before ber. She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings, and had sent for him only the Saturday before, to make up her pool of quadrille in the evening. Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many people, he knew, but he had never seen anything but affability in her. She had always spoken to him as she would to any other gentlineas, she made not the smallest objection to his johani in the isociety of the neighborhood, nor to his locality in the isociety of the neighborhood, nor to his locality has present the control of the

"That is all very proper and civil, I am sure," said Mrs. Bennet, and I dare say she is a very agreeable woman. It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her. Does she live near you, sit?"

"The garden in which stands my humble abode is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park, her ladyship's residence."

"I think you said she was a widow, sir; has she any family?"
"She has only one daughter, the heiress of Rosings,

and of very extensive property."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, "then she is better off than many girls. And what sort

of young lady is she? Is she handsome?"

"She is a most charming young lady indeed.
Lady Catherine herself says that, in point of true
beauty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the heaty, Miss de Bourgh is far superior to the heaty
mess which marks the young woman of distinguished
birth. She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution,
which has prevented her making that progress in
many accomplishments which she could not other
wise busy failed of, as I can informed by the lady
who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But he is perfectly amiable and
often condescends to drive by my humble abode in
her little phatedon and ponics."

"Has she been presented? I do not remember her

name among the ladies at court." "Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea; and you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her. These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet; "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicary. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time; and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little eigenut compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped; and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most absolute composure of countenance, and, except in an occisional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his beasure.

By tea-time, however, the dose had been enough, and Mr. Bennet was glad to take his guest into the drawing-room again, and when tea was over, glad spoken to him as she would to any other gentleman, she made not the smallest objection to his joining in the society of the neighborhood, nor to his leaving his parish occasionally for a week or two to visit his relations. She had even condescended to advise him to marry as soon as he could, provided he chose with discretion; and had once poid him a visit in his humble paramengs, where sich had per feetly approved all the alterations he had been making; and bad even the closett mustage.

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rupted him with—

"Do you know, mamma, that my Uncle Philips
talks of turning away Richard? and if he does, Colonel Forster will hire him. My aunt told me so here
self on Saturday. I shall walk to Meryton tomore to hear more about it, and to sak when Mr.
Denny comes back from town.

Lydia was bid by her two eldest sisters to hold her tongue; but Mr. Collins, much offended, laid aside

his book, and sald:
"I have often observed how little young ladies are
interested by books of a serious stamp, though salely
written for their benefit. It amazes me, I confess;
for certainly there can be nothing so advantageous
to them as instruction. But I will no longer impor-

tune my young cousin."
Then, turning to Mr. Bennet, he offered himself as his antagonist at backgammon. Mr. Bennet accepted the challenge, observing that he acted very wisely in leaving the girls to their now trifling amusents. Mrs. Bennet and her daughters applogized most civily for Lyda's interruption, and promised hat it should not event again, if he would resume his book; but Mr. Collins, after assuring them that he bowe his young coasin on Ill-will, and should never resear her teherior as any affront, seried himself at make amount of the make any and the make any after the control of the make any afficient, and prepared for hardwarmone.

TRVING BACHELLER

Invise Bacheller was been at Pierpont, N. Y., in 1839. For many years he was in active newspaper work in New York City, and until recently an editor of the World. He has written several novels, the most popular being "Eben Holden" and "Dri and L"

THE SEA FIGHT

(From "D'ri and L." Copyright by Lethrop Publishing Company, and used by permission)

THE cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one mornaing. It was the 10th of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manunded the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded and and men. In twelve minutes we were under way, leading the van to lattic. The sun cause up, lighting the great towers of carraws. Every vessel was more feeling for the browner with one and secondmore feeling for the browner with one and secondwast. Perry stood near me, his bat in his hand. He was bookine back at the Niames.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master.

"Then you'll have to fight to the leeward," said the latter.

"Don't care, so long as we fight," said Perry.
"Windward or leeward, we want to fight."
Then came the signal to change our course. The

wind shifting to the southeast, we were all able

to clear the islands and keep the weather-gage. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A light rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into crowding rings and bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the surgeon said he was in more need of physic, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, tall and handsome, in a loose jacket of blue nankeen, with no sign of weakness in him, his eyes flashing as he looked up at the sky.

D'ri and I stood in the squad at the bow gun. D'ri was wearing an old straw hat; his flannel shirt was open at the collar.

"Ship stan's luk an ol' cow chawin' 'er cud," said he, Ship stan's luk an ol' cow c' They's a win' comin' over there. It'll give 'er a slap 'n th' side purty soon, mebbe. Then she'll switch 'er tail 'n' go on 'bout 'er business."

In a moment we heard a roaring cheer back amidships. Perry had come up the companionway with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm's-length. I could see a part of its legend, in white letters, "Don't give up the ship."

"My brave lads," he shouted, "shall we hoist it?" Our "Ay, ay, sir!" could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose, above tossing hats and howl-

ing voices, to the mainroyalmasthead.

The wind came; we could hear the salls snap and stiffen as it overhauled the fleet behind us. In a jiffy it bunted our own hull and canvas, and again we began to plough the water. It grew into a smart breeze, and scattered the fleet of clouds that hovered over us. The rain passed; soulight sparkled on the rippling plane of water. We could now see the enemy, he had hove to, and was walting for us in a line. A crowd was gathering on the high shores was the could be successed to the could be successed to the vance, crowding our canvas in a good breeze. I could bear only the rearing furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, mentally trimning ship, as they say, for whatever might come. Three men semified by, sanding the decks. DrY was lenning platelily over the land of the could be compared to the could be howeringly, and spat over the bulwurks. Then he straightened up, titling his hat to his right ear.

"They're p'intin' their guns," said a swabber.
"Fust they know they'll git spit on," said D'ri,

calmly. Well, for two hours it was all creening and talking under the breath, and here and there an oath as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us buttle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would he no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks-a band playing "Rule Britannia." I was looking at a brig in the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire leaned out of her and thick belches of smoke rushed to her topsails. Then something hit the sea near by with a great hissing slap, and we turned quickly to see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly for the word to fire

"We was th' ones 'at got spit on," said a gunner, looking at D'ri. "Wish they'd let us holler back," said the latter-

placidly, "Sick o' holdin' in." We kept fanning down upon the enemy, now little more than a mile away, signalling the fleet to follow.

"My God! see there!" a gunner shouted.

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Pull 'em out o' there," I called, turning to D'ri,

who stood beside me The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball crashed into the after bulwarks, tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, that slid a space, grinding the gunners under it. One end of a bowline whipped over us; a jib dropped; a brace fell crawling over my shoulders like a big snake; the foremast went into splinters a few feet above the deck, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. It was all the work of a second. That hasty flight of iron, coming out of the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, had gone through hull and rigging in a wink of the eye. And a fine mess it had made. Men lay scattered along the deck, bleeding, velling, struggling. There were two lying near us with blood spurfing out of their necks. One rose upon a knee, choking horribly, shaken with the last threes of his flooded heart, and recled over. The Scorpion of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little Ariel

was also firing. D'ri leaned over, shouting in my ear-"Don't like th' way they're whalin' uv us," he said, his cheeks red with anger.

"Nor I," was my answer.

"Don't like t' stan' here an' dew nuthin' but git licked," he went on. "'T ain' no way nat'ral."

Perry came hurrying forward.

"Fire!" he commanded, with a quick gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly scuds of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting into awful showers of holt and chain and spike and hammerheads. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy, we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through, and half her men dead or wounded, she was, indeed, a sorry sight. The Niagara went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Perry stood near, cursing as he looked off at her. Two of my gunners had been hurt by bursting canister. D'ri and I picked them up, and made for the cockpit. D'ri's man kent howling and kicking. As we harried over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a burst of old iron that tumbled me to my knees.

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man bore struggle and then go limp in my arms; I felt my knees getting warm and wet. The smoke rose; the tall, herculean back of D'ri was just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow, and a spray of blood from his upper arm was flying back mon me. His hat crown had been torn off, and there was a big rent in his trousers, but he kept going. I saw my man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried to its last link in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cocknit. He stumbled on the stairs, falling heavily with his burden. Then I dropped my poor gunner and helped them carry D'ri to a table, where they bade me lie down beside him.

"It is no time for jesting," said I, with some dignity.

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your

wound is no lest. You are not fit for duty."

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair. and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see, but was of little consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in D'ri's arm, while another dressed my thigh, That room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched upon cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companionway with others. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above its quaking thunder I could hear the shrill cries of men sinking to hasty death in the grip of pain. The brig was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering, like one being beaten to death, his bones cracking, his muscles pulping under heavy blows. We were above water-line there in the cockpit; we could feel her flinch and stagger. On her side there came suddenly a crushing blow, as if some great hammer, swung far in the sky, had come down upon her. I could hear the split and break of heavy timbers: I could see splinters flying over me in a rush of smoke. and the legs of a man go bumping on the beams above. Then came another crash of timbers on the port side. I leaped off the table and ran, limping, to the deck. I do not know why; I was driven by some quick and irresistible impulse. I was near out of my head, anyway, with the rage of battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself stumbling, with drawn salve, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our receiving deck. It was a horrible place: everything tipped over, man and gun and mast and butwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray dresching our deck. Some poer man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collus, dragging him to the cochpit. The sargen had just finished with Drit. His arm was now in stiling and bandages. He was typing on his back the good arm over his face. There was a bull in the cannonading. I went culcive to his side.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giving his hand a good grip.

"Nuthin' t' brag uv," he answered. "Never see nobody git hell rose with 'em 's quick es we did never."

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood

on the stairs calling into the cockpit.
"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?"

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope he shouted.

D'il was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another send of junk went over us. Perry was trying, with block and tackle, to mount a carronade. A handful of men were helping him. D'il rushed to the rope, I following, and we hoth pulled with a will. A salion who had been lift in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope, and the rope, and the rope, and the rope of the rope of

himself, rushes into the shadow of death for the sake of something that is better. At every heave on the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered a pulley, and the gun fell. Perry had then a flerce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, and his head was bare. He crossed the littered deck, his battleflag and broad pennant that an orderly had brought him trailing from his shoulder. He halted by a boat swung at the davits on the port side-the only one that had not gone to splinters. There he called a crew about him, and all got quickly aboard the boatseven besides the younger brother of Captain Perry -and lowered it. Word flew that he was leaving to take command of the sister brig, the Niagara, which lay off a quarter of a mile or so from where we stood. We all wished to go, but he would have only sound men; there were not a dozen on the ship who had all their blood in them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the stern, D'ri lifted a bloody, tattered flag, and leaning from the bulwarks, shook it over them, cheering loudly.

"Give it to 'em!" he shouted. "We'll telt care o' the ol' brig."

We were all crying, we poor devils that were left behind. One, a mere boy, stood near me swinging his hat above his head, cheering. Hat and hand fell to the deck as I turned to him. He was reeling, when D'ri caught him quickly with his good arm and bore him to the cockpit.

The little boat was barely a length of when heavy shot fell splashing in her wake. Soon they were dropping all around her. One crossed her bow, ripping a long turrow in the sea. A chip flew off her stern; a lift of splainers from an our scattered behind her. Plunging missiles marked her course with a plati of foam, but she rode on bravely. We saw her groping under the smoke clouds; we saw her nearing the other brig, and were all on tiptoe. The air cleared a little, and we could see them ship oars and go up the side. Then we set our blood dripping with cheers again, we who were wounded there on the deck of the Lawrence. Lieutenant Yarnell ordered her one flag down. As it sank futtering, we groaned. Our disansy went quickly from man to man. Persently we could hear the cries of the wounded bless here could hear the cries of the wounded between the could hear the cries of the wounder of the country of the country of the creeping toward us and protesting facetyly, the blood drapting from his mouth between curses,

"Another shot would sink her," Yarnell shouted,
"Let 'er sink," said D'rl. "Wish t' God I c'u'd
nut my foot through 'er bottom. When the flag

goes down I wan't t' go tew.'

The British turned their guns; we were no longer in the smoky paths of thundering canister. The Ningara was now under fire. We could see the dogs of war rushing at her in leashes of flame and smoke, Our little gunboats, urged by oar and sweep, were hastening to the battle front. We could see their men, waist-bigh above bulwarks, firing as they came. The Dotroi: and the Queen Charlotte, two heavy bries of the British line, had run afoul of each other. The Niagara, signalling for close action, bore down upon them. Crossing the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, she raked them with broadsides. We saw braces fly and masts fall in the volley. The Niagara sheered off, pouring shoals of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little boots had come up, and were boring into the bries. In a brief time-it was then near three o'clock -a white flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, fluttered over a British deck. D'ri, who had been sitting awhile, was now up and cheering as he waved his crownless hat. He had lent his flag, and, in the flurry, some one dropped it overboard. D'ri saw it fall, and before we could stop him he had leaped into the sea. I hastened to his help, tossing a rope's end as he came up, swimming with one arm, the flag in his teeth. I towed him to the landing-stair and helped him over. Leaning on my shoulder, he shook out the tattered flag, its white laced with his own blood.

Each grabbed a tatter of the good flag, pressing hard upon Dri, and put it to his lips and kissed it proudly. Then we marched up and down, Dri, waving it above us—a bloody squad as ever walked, shouting loudly. Dri had begun to weaken with loss of blood, so I coaxed him to go below with me.

The battle was over; a Yankee band was playing near by.

"Perry is coming! Perry is coming!" we heard them shouting above.

A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and inextinguishable devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cockpit.

There were those near who had won a better

There were those near who had won a better peace, and they lay as a man that listens to what were now the mercat vanity. Perry came, when the sun was low, with a number

of British officers, and received their surrender on his own bloody deck. I remember, as they stood by the ruined bulwarks and looked down upon tokens of wreck and slaughter, a dog began howling dismally in the cockpit.

LORD BACON

FRANCE BAGON (Viscount St. Allam), juriet and philosopher, born in London, 1841; died 1868. He studied three years at Cambridge University and then entered the diplomatic service. In 1818 he was made Lord Chamcellor. His essays appeared in Lord Chamcellor. His essays appeared in Eliabeth rank next in huper-tance. His philosophical works have received the commendation of the scholars of four centuries.

TRANSLATION OF THE 137TH PSALM

WHENAS we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Essed from the tasks which in our captive state

We were enforced daily to shide,

Our harps we had brought with us to the field,

Some soluce to our heavy souls to vield.

But soon we found we failed of our account, For when our minds some freedom did obtain,

Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present gifts, and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb, We hanged them on the willow-trees were near; Yet did our cruel masters to us come, Asking of us some Hebrew soms to hear:

Taunting us rather in our misery, Than much delighting in our melody.

LORD BACON

Alas (said we) who can once force or frame
His grievêd and oppressêd heart to sing
The praises of Jehovah's glorious name,
In banishment, under a foreign king?
In Sion is his seat and dwelling-place,
Thence doth he show the brightness of his face.

Hierusalem, where God his throne hath set, Shall any hour obsent thee from my mind? Then let my right hand quite her skill forget, Then let my voice and words no passage find; Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry
Of Eden's children, which did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,
"Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground."
In that good day repay it unto them,
When thou shalt visit thy Hfernsalem.

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
By just revenge, and happy shall he be,
That thy proud walls and towers shall waste and burn,
And as thou didst by us, so do by thee.
Yea, happy he that takes thy children's bones,
And dashet them against the payement stones.

TIRE

THE World's a bubble, and the Life of Man Less than a gman. In his conception wretched, from the womb, So to the tomb; Curst from his cradie, and brought up to years With cares and ferus. Who then to fruil mortality shall trust, But liman on water, or but writes in dust.

OF LOVE

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest, What life is best?

Courts are but only superficial schools To dandle fools:

The rural parts are turn'ed into a den Of savage men:

And where's a city from foul vice so free, But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed, Or pains his head:

Those that live single, take it for a curse,

Or do things worse: Some would have children: those that have them,

Or wish them gone:

What is it, then, to have, or have no wife, But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affection still at home to please Is a disease:

To cross the seas to any foreign soil, Peril and toil:

Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease
We are worse in peace:

What then remains, but that we still should cry For being born, or, being born, to die?

OF LOVE

THIE stage is more beholding to love than the life of men; for as to the stage, love is even matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a stren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent)

there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except, nevertheless, Marcus Antonius. the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and law-giver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate: but the latter was an austere and wise min; and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch he not well kept, It is a poor saying of Epicurus, "Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus"; as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love; neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, "That the arch flatterer, with whom all the pretty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self"; certainly the lover is more; for there was never a proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, "That it is impossible to love and to be wise." Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal; for it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded, either with the reciprocal or with an inward or secret contempt; by how much more the men ought to beware of this passion. which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them: "That he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas"; for whosoever estremeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter. and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life: for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine: for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and notion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread liself towards many, and maketh men become tumane and charitable, as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfectle tit; but wanton love corrupteth and

embasseth it.

OF DEATH

MEN fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and the passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "The surroundings of death terrify more than death itself." It is worthy the

observing that there is no passion of the mind of msn so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupieth it-nav. we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself. pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the burt, and therefore a mind fixed and bent ppon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death. But, above all, believe it, the sweetest cantiele is Nune dimittis, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death bath this also, that it oneneth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy. "The same person shall be beloved when dead "

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

The that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great centerprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certally the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have the proceeding of the public of the public of the know they must transmit their dearest pleages. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away-and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for indges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and their children, and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, vet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age, and old mens' nurses; so that a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: " A young man, not yet; an elder man, not at all."

1900-0000

JOANNA BAILLIE

JOANNA BAILIER, a Scottish poetess, born in Bothwell, Lannskine, 1769; died in England in 1831. She was encouraged in her literary aspirations by Sir William of the Passions, was presented at Edinburgh under his auspices. She is known to our day through a number of short poems.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleet,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing, too:
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Wood and married and a'!

Woo'd and married and a'! Isna she very weel aff 'To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak?

"The lassic is glaikit wi pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack.
On the day when I was a bride.
Ben tak! to your wheel, and be clever.
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A

Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'!"

"Noot, too!!" quot ber gray-headed fatthen,
"She's less o's harde than a hairn;
She's less o's harde than a hairn;
She's aren like a cout frae the beather,
Wi's sens and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half diaddy,
As munor inconstantly leans,
The chief meann he putient and steady,
That yokes wi'n ante in her tenus.
A kerchief are donce and ane neat,
O'er her locks that the what had had to like it.
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
What I think of hew married at #1".

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom.
Weel waled were his wordles, I ween,—
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bomy blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
I'hough thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
W' purfles and pearsins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think seorn o' your Johnny,
And grives to be married at a' ?"

She turn'd and she blush'd and she smil'd, And she looket sae bashfully down; The pride o' her heart was beguil'd, And she played wi' the sleeves o' her rown;

JOANNA BAILLIE

She twirled the tag o' ber Iace,
And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinkes as sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married and a'!
To be woo'd and married and a'!

IT WAS ON A MORN

T was on a morn, when we were thrang, The kirn it crooned, the cheese was making, And bannocks on the girdle baking, When ane at the door chappt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight, Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I ween; For a chap at the door in braid daylight Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen, Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery, And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary, Raised up the latch, and came crousely ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white, His mittens and hose were cozie and bien; But a wooer that comes in braid daylight Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses sae braw, And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly he straikit. And he looket about, like a hody half glalkit, On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest o' a'. "Ha, laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that

Fye, let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean: An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,

Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeig as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his mouth,

And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands
between.

For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'"—"What's that to me?"

"She's sober and eydent, has sense in her noddle: She's douce and respeckit"—"I care na' a bodle: Love winna be guided, and fancy 's free."

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight, And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green; For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright Is no like a wooer that comes at e'cn.

Then away flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he, "A" the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!

Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow.

May gang in their pride to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween; For a wooer that comes in braid daylight Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Hoxoné de Balzac, the greatest of French novelists, born at Tours in 1799; died in Paris in 1850. He began the writing of short stories when still in his teens, and at twenty-five had published about thirty. None were popular. In 1899 he published "Les Derniers Chouans," which established his reputation.

THE GREATNESS AND THE DECLINE OF CÉSAR BIROTTEAU

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THEN César came to Paris, he could read, write, and cipher; his education stopped there; his laborious life had hindered him from acquiring any ideas and knowledge foreign to the business of perfumery. Constantly mingling with people who were indifferent to science and letters, whose education did not go beyond specialties; having no time to devote to elevating studies, the perfumer became a practical man. He was forced to adopt the language, errors, opinions of the Parisian bourgeois -the class who admire Molière, Voltaire and Rousseau on faith, who purchase their works without reading them; who maintain that it is proper to say ormoire, because ladies lock up in those articles of furniture their or (gold) and their dresses which formerly were almost always made of moirs, and that armoirs is a corruption. Potier, Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, were, the bourgeois believes, millionaires ten times over, and did not live like other human beings; the great tragedian ate man-flesh; Mademoiselle Mars sometimes made a fricassee of pearls. in imitation of a celebrated Egyptian actress. The Emperor had leather pockets in his waistcoats to enable him to take snuff by the handful, and rode at full gallon up the stairs of the orangery at Versailles. Authors and artists died in the hospital in consequence of their oddities; they were, besides, all atheists, whom it behooved people not to admit into their houses. Joseph Lebas cited, with a shudder, the history of his sister-in-law Augustine's marriage with the painter Sommervieux. Astronomers lived on spiders. These luminous specimens of their knowledge of the French language, of dramatic art. politics, literature, and science, indicate the scope of their intellects. A noet, who passes along the rue des Lombards, and inhales the prevailing perfumes, may dream of Asia there. Breathing the odor of vetyver in a green-house, he may behold the almées of the East. The splendors of cochineal remind him of the poems, the religion, the castes of the Brahmins. Coming in contact with inwrought ivory, he mounts, in imagination, upon the back of an elephant, and there, in a muslin pavilion, makes love like the king of Labore. But the shop-keeper is ignorant whence come the articles in which he deals. and where they grow. Birotteau knew nothing whatever of natural history or chemistry. In regarding Vauquelin as a great man, he considered him as an exception; he resembled the retired grocer who thus shrewdly summed up a discussion on the way in which tea is brought to France: "Tea comes only in two ways, by caravan or by Haure." According to Birotteau, aloes and opium were to be found only in the rue des Lombards. The pretended rose-water of Constantinople was made, like cologne-water, at Paris. These names of places were shams, invented to please the French, who cannot endure the

productions of their own country. A French mechant was hound to call his discovery English, in order to make it popular, as in England a druggish attributes his to France. Nevertheless, César attributes his to France. Nevertheless, César addition to the quite a dunce and a blockhead; integrity and benevolence gave respectability to the acts of his life, for a good deed obliterates any amount of ginonance. His constant success gave him assurance. At Paris, assurance is accepted for the power of which it is the size.

Having thoroughly learned the character of César during the first three years of their married life, his wife was in a constant fever of anxiety; she represented, in this union, the part of sagacity and forcsight, doubt, besitation and fear; as Cesar represented that of audacity, ambition, action, and the extraordinary success of fatality. In spite of appearances, the tradesman was timid, whilst his wife possessed real patience and courage. Thus, a narrow-minded and ordinary man, without education, without ideas, without knowledge, without decided character, who, on general principles, could not have succeeded on the most uncertain market in the world. came, by his discreet conduct, by his sentiment of justice, by his truly Christian goodness of heart, by his love for the only woman he had ever possessed. to be regarded as a remarkable man, as one courageous and full of resolution. The public saw the results only. His associates, with the exception of Pillerault and Judge Popinot, saw César but superficially, and could not form an opinion of him. Besides, the twenty or thirty friends who associated with each other were constantly uttering the same stupidities, repeating the same common-places, and all regarded each other as superior beings in their own walks of life. The women yied with each other in dinners and dress; each one of them had said all she knew when she had said a word of contempt

for her husband. Madamo Birotteau alone had the good sense to treat hers with honor and respect in public; she saw in him a man who in spite of his severt inespectly, had equired their fortune, and in whose consideration she participated. She sometimes asked herself, however, what the world coulble, if all men of pretended superiority resembled her husband. Such conduct contributed not altradesman, in a country where women are so prone to have gather than the property of the property of the proging their husbands into disrespect and to complain of them in valids.

César was now forty years old. The labors which he performed in his laboratory had given him a few premature wrinkles, and had slightly silvered his long bushy hair, around which the pressure of his hat made a glistening circular impression. His heavy evebrows might have slarmed the beholder, had not his blue eyes, with their clear and honest expression, been in perfect harmony with his open and manly forehead. His nose, broken at its base, and very large at the end, gave him the surprised air of the quidnunce of Paris. His lips were full, and his fut chin hung perpendicularly down. His square and highly colored face indicated, by the disposition of the wrinkles and the general style of his physiognorny, the ingenuous cunning of the peasant. The strength of his body, the heaviness of his limbs, the squareness of his back, and the width of his feeteverything about him in short-denoted the villager transported to Paris. His large and hairy hands, his fat, wrinkled fingers, his big square nails, would have borne witness to his origin, even if there had been no traces of it in his person. He had constantly upon his lips that benevolent smile which shop-keepers assume upon the entrance of a customer; and yet this commercial smile was the faithful image of his internal content, and represented

the true state of his trangull soul. His habitual distrust nerve went beyond his business his caution left him when he crossed the threshold of the Exchange or when he closed his ledger. Suspicion was to him what his printed bill-heads were, a necessary and component part of all bargain and sale. His flee presented a sort of comic assurance, of fatulty imagical with good-reliowship, which rendered him an original type, as it took away from the resonablance, other hands are supported by the support of the presented Parishan bourgeels. Without this air of guideless admiration and faith in himself, he would have inspired too much respect; he thus maintained his relationship with mankind, by contributing his slaure of the ridiculous

When talking, he habitually held his hands behind his back. When he thought he had said something smart or gallant, he raised himself twice upon his toes, and fell back again heavily, as if to emphasize his remark. In the heat of a discussion, he would sometimes turn briskly round, walk a few steps as if he were going to seek for further arguments, and return sharply upon his antagonist. He never interrupted a speaker, and often fell a victim to this exact observance of propriety, for the other cut in whenever they could, and the poor man would be obliged to depart without getting in a word edgewise. His great experience in commercial matters had given him certain peculiar ways which many persons called manias. When a note was not taken up, he sent it to the proper officer, and thought no more of it except to receive the principal, interest and expenses; the officer had instructions to press the matter until the tradesman was bankrupt, and then to stop all proceedings: César put the notes in his pockets and never went to any meetings of the creditors. This system and his implacable detestation of bankrupts, he had derived from Ragon, who, in the

course of his mercantile experience, had discovered that so much time was lost in litigation, that the meager and uncertain dividend produced by ar rangements and compromises was more than compensated by the time spent in going and coming, and running after the excuses the dishonest are ever so ready to make.

"If the bankrupt is an honest man," said Ragon, "and recovers himself, he will pay you. If he still continues penniless, and is simply unfortunate, why torment him? And if he is a react, jowill never get anything any way. Your well-known severity causes you to be regarded as intractable, and as no compromise with you is possible, as long as a man can pay any one, if it you that he pays."

César arrived at an appointment the moment ogreed upon, and ten minutes afterward he left with an inflexibility that nothing could conquer; so that his own punctuality rendered those who had business with him punctual themselves.

The costume which he had adopted was in harmony with his manners and his physiognomy. No power on earth could have induced him to give up his white muslin cravats, the ends of which, embroidered by his wife or his daughter, hung down under his neck. His single-breasted white Marselhes waistcoat came very low down upon his somewhat prominent stomach; for César was slightly corpulent. He wore blue pantaloons, black silk stockings, and shoes, the strings of which were constantly coming untied. His olive-green frock-coat, always too targe for him, and his broad-brimmed hat, gave him the air of a quaker. When he dressed himself for Sunday evening, he put on a pair of silk smallclothes, shoes with gilt buckles, and his inevitable single-breasted waistcoat, slightly open at the top to show his plaited shirt-frill. His chestnut-colored sloth coat was long in the waist and wide in the

skirts. He continued, up to 1819, to wear two watchchains, hanging parallel to each other, but he only put on the second when he considered himself dressed.

Such was César Birotteau, a worthy creature upon whom the mysterious delties who attend upon the birth of men had refused to confer the power of taking general views either of politics or life, or that of raising himself above the social level of the midding classes. He followed in everything the winning ways of routine; every opinion which he held had been communicated to him by others, and he applied them without examination. Blind but good, not intellectual but profoundly religious, he was a man perfectly pure so, the light and strength of his life; for his endeavors to rise, and the little information he had acquired, sprang from his affection for his wife and daughter.

As for Madame César, thirty-seven years old at this time, she resembled the Venus of Milo so closely that all who knew her saw her very portrait in that admirable statue when the Duc de Rivière sent it to Paris. In a few months, however, sorrow and trouble so diffused their vellow tints over her dazzlingly white skin, so cruelly undermined and disclosed the bluish circle within which played her fine sparkling eves, that she had the appearance of an old madonna; for she still preserved, in the midst of her decay, a pleasing ingenuousness of manner, a pure though melancholy look, and it was impossible not to consider her still a handsome woman, and one singularly reserved and dignified in her demeanor. At the ball contemplated by César, she was destined to eniov one final and public triumph of beauty.

Every life has its apogee—a period during which the causes which operate are in exact proportion with the results they produce. This high noon of existence, in which every moving force is in equilibrium and is manifested in its highest state, is common, not only to organized beings, but to cities, nations, ideas, institutions, trades, enterprises; all of which, like noble families and dynasties, spring up, come to perfection, and fall. Whence comes the severe impartiality with which this theme of increase and decay is applied to all earthly organizations? For death itself, in times of plague or epidemic, now advances, now slackens its course, now revives and now sleeps. Our globe itself is perhaps a mere rocket, a little more durable than the rest. History, in perpetually reneating the causes of the greatness and decline of everything that has been seen on earth, ought, one would think, to warn mankind of the proper time to arrest the play of their faculties: but neither conquerors nor actors, neither women nor authors, ever listen to its salutary voice.

César Birotteau, who should have regarded himself as having arrived at the apogee of his fortunes. chose to consider this halting-time as a new point of departure. He did not know-and neither nations nor kings have sought to write them in ineffaceable characters-the causes of the downfalls with which history is rife, and of which both mercantile and sovereign houses have furnished such terrible examples. Why should not new pyramids be erected, to keep continually before the world this principle, applicable not only to the politics of nations but to the economy of private individuals, that whenever the effect produced has ceased to be in direct connection and in equal proportion with its cause, disorganization has begun? Such movements, however, are everywhere to be seen, in the traditions and stories which speak to us of the past, which embody the caprices of ungovernable destiny, whose hand effaces our dreams and shows us that the greatest events are summed up in an idea. Troy and NapoIeon are naught but poems. May this history be the poem of the obscure domestic vicissitudes in behalf of which no voice has been raised, all desitute, as they appear, of greatness; while, on the contrary, and for the same reason, they are immense. We are not now treating of individual woes, but of the sufferincs of a neonle.

The ball, like a blazing rocket, died out and came to an end at five o'clock in the morning. At that time, but forty carriages remained of the hundred and odd which had filled the rue St. Honoré. The company were dancing a country dance-dethroned in after years by the German cotillion and the English galon. Du Tillet, Roguin, Cardot, junior, the Count de Grandville, and Jules Desmarets were at the coming table. Du Tillet had won three thousand francs. The first rays of dawn appeared and paled the light of the candles; the players rose and witpessed the closing dance. In the houses of the bourgeois, the transports of the breaking up rarely pass without the enactment of a few extravagances. The important characters are gone: the intoxication of the motion, the communicative warmth of the atmosphere, the spirit lurking in the most apparently innocent beverages, have by this time softened even the old ladies' stiffest joints, and they complaisantly take part in the dance, and yield to the folly of the moment: the men perspire, their hair comes out of ourl and hangs down limp over their faces, giving them a grotesque and laughter-provoking aspect; the young women become giddy, and the wreaths unon their heads begin to rain flowers upon the floor. The Momus of the bourgeols appears, and mirth follows in his train! A burst of laughter welcomes him, and everybody gives himself up to tom-foolery. knowing that on the morrow labor will reclaim their

service. Matifat dauced with a woman's bonnet on his head; Célestin abandoned himself to buffoonery, A few of the women frantically clapped their bands together when required by the figure of this Interminable dance.

"What a good time they are having !" said Birottesu, delighted,

"I only hope they won't break anything," said Constance to her uncle.

"Your ball is the most magnificent I have ever seen, and I have seen a great many," said du Tillet to his former master on bidding him good night.

In that sublime composition—the eight symphonics of Beethoven-there is a fantasia with all the grandear of an epic poem, which is the burden of the finale to the symphony in C minor. When, after the dallying preparations of the sublime magician so admirably interpreted by Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra, a wave of that enthusiast's hand rolls up the rich curtain of the scene, summoning forthwith his baton the dazzling theme in which all the powers of music have been concentrated, poets, whose hearts then beat within them, will comprehend how Birotteau's ball produced, in his simple life, the effect produced upon them by this teeming air, to which, perhaps, the symphony in C owes its supremnev over its brilliant sisters. A radiant fairy darts forward and raises her wand. The listener hears the rustling of the purple curtain, raised by angels' hands. Gates of gold, sculptured like the portals of the Florentine Baptistery, revolve on their diamond hinges. The eye is lost in splendid views; at one glance it embraces a colonnade of marvelous palaces, in which flit beings of heavenly birth. The incense of glory smokes, the altar of happiness flashes, you breathe a perfumed air! Creatures, whose smile is divine, clothed in white tunics edged with blue, pass lightly before your eyes, disclosing

faces of superhuman beauty and forms of infinite grace. Cupids hover around, shedding the light of their torches upon the scene. You feel yourself beloved: you are blessed in a happiness which you inhale without comprehending how, bathed in the waves of harmony which flows in living streams, and runs for all, with the nectar they have chosen. The sweet aspirations of your heart are for one instant realized. The enchanter, having convoyed you through the heavens, plunges you back, by the profound and mysterious transition of the violencelles, into the morass of cold realities, to drag you forth once more, when you thirst anew for his divine melodies, and when your soul cries out, Again! The psychologic analysis of the culminating point of this glorious finale will answer for that of the emotions showered on César and Constance by this wondrous festivity. Collinet, Birotteau's chief musician, had performed the finale of their commercial symphony upon his squeaking three-holed fife.

Weary, but blest, the three Birotteaus fell asleen by daylight, to the dving murmurs of this ball, which, in buildings, repairs, furniture, refreshments, and dress, cost, though Cesar was far from suspecting it, hard upon sixty thousand francs. Such was the issue of the fatal red ribbon fastened by a king to a perfumer's buttonhole. Should Cesar Birotteau meet with misfortune, this absurd expenditure was enough to bring him before the correctional police. A tradesman who goes to expenses considered inordinate in his position, may be found guilty of simple bankruptey, as distinguished from fraudulent bankruptcy. It is perhaps worse to go before a petty tribunal charged with folly and indiscretion, than to appear at the bar of the court of assizes for one immense imposture. In the eves of vertain people, it is better to be criminal than weak,

EUGÉNIE GRANDET

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IN the pure and monotonous life of young gits it there comes a delicious hour when the sam sheds it rays into their soul, when the flowers express their thoughts, when the throbbings of the heart send upward to the brain their fertilizing warmth and met all thoughts into a vague desire—day of innecent all thoughts into a vague desire—day of innecent consideration when a young gill first preceives the sentiment of nature, she smiles smile when a consideration of the sentiment of mature, she smiles as she smiled when an infant. If light is the first towe of life, is not love a light to the heart? The moment to see within the vell of earthly things had come for Eugefaic.

An early riser, like all provincial girls, she was up betimes and said her prayers, and then began the business of dressing-a business which henceforth was to have a meaning. First she brushed and smoothed her chestnut hair and twisted its heavy masses to the top of her head with the utmost care, preventing the loose tresses from straving, and giving to her head a symmetry which heightened the timid candor of her face; for the simplicity of these accessories accorded well with the innocent sincerity of its lines. As she washed her hands again and again in the cold water which hardened and reddened the skrn, she looked at her handsome round arms and asked herself what her cousin did to make his hands so softly white, his nails so delicately curved. She put on new stockings and her prettiest shoes. She laced her corset straight, without skipping a single evelet. And then, wishing for the first time in her life to appear to advantage, she felt the joy of having a new gown, well made, which rendered ber attractive.

As she finished her toilet the clock of the parish

church struck the hour: to her astonishment, it was only seven. The desire of having plenty of time for dressing carefully had led her to get up too early, Ignorant of the art of retouching every curl and studying every effect. Eugénie simply crossed her arms, sat down by the window, and looked at the court-yard, the narrow garden, and the high terraced walls that overtopped it; a dismal, hedged-in prospect, yet not wholly devoid of those mysterious beauties which belong to solitary or uncultivated nature. Near the kitchen was a well surrounded by a curb, with a pulley fastened to a bent iron rod clasped by a vine whose leaves were withered, reddened, and shriveled by the season. From thence the tortuous shoots strangled to the wall, clutched it. and ran the whole length of the house, ending near the wood-pile, where the logs were ranged with as much precision as the books in a library. The pavement of the court-yard showed the black stains produced in time by lichens, herbage, and the absence of all movement or friction. The thick walls were a conting of green moss streaked with waving brown lines, and the eight stone steps at the bottom of the court-yard which led up to the gate of the garden were disjoined and hidden beneath tall plants, like the tomb of a knight buried by his widow in the days of the Crusades. Above a foundation of mossgrown, crumbling stones was a trellis of rotten wood, half fallen from decay; over them clambered and intertwined at will a mass of clustering creepers. On each side of the latticed gate stretched the crooked arms of two stunted apple-trees. Three parallel walks, gravelled and separated from each other by square beds, where the earth was held in by box-borders, made the garden, which terminated, beneath a terrace of the old walls, in a group of lindens. At the farther end were raspberry-bushess at the other, near the house, an immense walnut-

RUGENIZ GRANDET

grouped its branches almost into the window of the miser's sanctum.

A clear day and the beautiful autumnal sun common to the banks of the Loire were beginning to melt the hoar-frost which the night had lain on these picturesque objects, on the walls, and on the plants which swathed the garden and the court-yard. Eugénie found a novel charm in the aspect of things lately so insignificant to her. A thousand confused thoughts came to birth in her mind and grew there, as the sunbeams grew without along the wall. She felt that impulse of delight, vague, inexplicable, which wraps the moral being as a cloud wraps the physical body. Her thoughts were all in keeping with the details of this strange landscape, and the harmonies of her heart blended with the harmonies of nature. When the sun reached an angle of the wall where the "Venus-hair" of southern climes drooped its thick leaves, lit with the changing colors of a pigeon's breast, celestial rays of hope illumined the future to her eyes, and thenceforth she loved to gaze upon that piece of wall, on its pale flowers, its blue harebells, its wilting herbage, with which she mingled memories as tender as those of childhood. The noise made by each leaf as it fell from its twig in the void of that echoing court gave answer to the secret questionings of the young girl, who could have stayed there the livelong day without perceiving the flight of time. Then came tumultuous heavings of the soul. She rose often, went to her glass, and looked at herself, as an author in good faith looks at his work to criticize it and blame it in his own holon

"" am not beautiful enough for him!" Such was Eugénie's thought," a humble thought, fortile in suffering. The poor girl did not do herself Justice; but modesty, or rather fear, is among the first of love's virtues: Eugénie belonged to the type of chil-

dren with sturdy constitutions, such as we see among the lesser bourgeoisie, whose beauties always seem a little vulgar; and yet, though she resembled the Venus of Milo, the lines of her figure were ennobled by the softer Christian sentiment which purifies womanhood and gives it a distinction unknown to the sculptors of antiquity. She had an enormous head, with the masculine yet delicate forehead of the Jupiter of Phidias, and grav eyes, to which her chaste life, penetrating fully into them, carried a flood of light. The features of her round face, formerly fresh and rosy, were at one time swollen by the smallpox, which destroyed the velvet texture of her skin, though it kindly left no other traces, and her cheek was still so soft and delicate that her mother's kiss made a momentary red mark upon it. Her nose was somewhat too thick, but it harmonized well with the vermilion mouth, whose lips, creased in many lines, were full of love and kindness. The throat was exquisitely round. The bust, well curved and carefully covered, attracted the eve and inspired revery. It lacked, no doubt, the grace which a fitting dress can bestow; but to a connoisseur the non-flexibility of her figure had its own charm. Eugénie, tall and strongly made, had none of the prettiness which pleases the masses; but she was beautiful with a beauty which the spirit recognizes, and none but artists truly love. A painter seeking here below for a type of Mary's celestial purity, searching womankind for those proud modest eyes which Raphael divined, for those virgin lines, often due to chances of conception, which the modesty of Christian life alone can bestow or keep unchanged .- such a painter, in love with his ideal. would have found in the face of Eugénie the innate nobleness that is ignorant of itself; he would have seen beneath the calmness of that brow a world of love; he would have felt, in the shape of the eves,

in the fall of the cyclics, the presence of the nameless something that we call divine. Her features, the contour of her head, which no expression of pleasure and ever altered or wearied, were like the lines of the horizon sortly traced in the far distance across the tranquil lakes. That calm and roay countenance, margined with light like as lovely full-blown flower, rested the mind, held the eye, and imparted the charm of the conscience that was there reflected. Engelies was standing on the shore of life where young illusions flower, where dalaies are gathered with telightic are long to be unknown; and thus she add, looking at her lange in the glass, unconscious and, looking at her lange in the glass, unconscious and the control of the control of the control of the con-

Then she opened the door of her chamber which led to the staircase, and stretched out her neck to listen for the household noises. "He is not up," she thought, hearing Nanoris morning cough as the good soul went and came, sweeping out the halls, lighting the fire, chalning the doe, and speaking to the beats in the stable. Eugénie at once went down and ran to Nanon, who was milling the cov.

"Nanon, my good Nanon, make a little cream for

my cousin's breakfast."

"Why, mademoiselle, you should have thought of that yesterday," said Nanon, bursting into a load peal of laughter. "I can't make cream. Your cousin is a darling, a darling! oh, that he is! You should have seen him in his dressing gown, all silk and gold! I saw him, I did! He wears linen as fine as the surplice of monsient lecuré."

"Nanon, please make us a galette."

"And who'll give me wood for the oven, and flour and butter for the cakes?" said Nanon, who in her function of prime-minister to Grandet assumed at times enormous importance in the eyes of Engénie and her mother. "Mushri rob the master to feast the cousin. You ask him for butter and flour and wood: he's your father, perhaps he'll give you some. See! there he is now, coming to give out the provisions."

Eugénie escaped into the garden, quite frightened as she heard the staircase shaking under her father's step. Already she felt the effects of that virgin modesty and that special consciousness of happiness which lead us to fancy, not perhaps without reason, that our thoughts are graven on our forcheads and are open to the eves of all. Perceiving for the first time the cold nakedness of her father's house, the poor girl felt a sort of rage that she could not put it in harmony with her cousin's elegance. She felt the need of doing something for him,-what, she did not know. Ingenuous and truthful, she followed her angelic nature without mistrusting her impressions or her feelings. The mere sight of her cousin had wakened within her the natural yearnings of a woman,-yearnings that were the more likely to develop ardently because, having reached her twentythird year, she was in the plenitude of her intelligence and her desires. For the first time in her life her heart was full of terror at the sight of her father; in him she saw the master of her fate, and she fancied herself guilty of wrong-doing in hiding from his knowledge certain thoughts. She walked with hasty steps, surprised to breathe a purer air, to feel the sun's rays quickening her pulses, to absorb from their heat a moral warmth and a new life. As she turned over in her mind some stratagem by which to get the cake, a quarrel-an event as rare as the sight of swallows in winter-broke out between la Grande Nanon and Grandet. Armed with his keys, the master had come to dole out provisions for the day's consumption.

"Is there any bread left from yesterday?" be said to Napon.

PHEENIE GRANDET Grandet took a large round loaf, well floured and moulded in one of the flat baskets, which they use for baking in Anjou, and was about to cut it, when

Nanon said to him .--

"We are five to-day, monsieur," "That's true," said Grandet, "but your loaves

weigh six nounds; there'll be some left. Besides, these young fellows from Paris don't eat bread.

you'll see." "Then they must cat frippe?" said Nanon.

Prinne is a word of the local lexicon of Anion.

and means any accompaniment of bread, from butter which is spread upon it, the commonest kind of frippe, to peach preserve, the most distinguished of all frippes; those who in their childhood have licked the fripps and left the bread, will comprehend the meaning of Nanon's speech. "No," answered Grandet, "they eat neither bread

nor frione: they are something like marriageable mirls."

After ordering the meals for the day with his usual parsimony, the good man, having locked the closets containing the supplies, was about to go towards the fruit-garden, when Nanon stopped him

to say .--"Monsieur, give me a little flour and some butter,

and I'll make a galette for the young ones." "Are you going to pillage the house on account of

my nephew?"

"I wasn't thinking any more of your nephew than I was of your dog .- not more than you think vourself: for, look here, you've only forked out six

bits of sugar. I want eight,"

"What's all this, Nanon? I have never seen you like this before. What have you got in your head? Are you the mistress here? You shan't have more than six pieces of sugar."

- "Well, then, how is your nephew to sweeten his coffee 2 "
 - "With two pieces; I'll go without myself."
- "Go without sugar at your age! I'd rather buy you some out of my own nocket."

"Mind your own business."

In spite of the recent fall of prices, sugar was still in Grandet's eyes the most valuable of all the colonial products; to him it was always six francs a pound, The necessity of economizing it, acquired under the Empire, had grown to be the most inveterate of his habits. All women, even the greatest ninnies, knew how to dodge and double to get their ends; Nanon abandoned the sugar for the sake of getting the galette.

"Mademoiselle !" she called through the window,

"do you want some galette?" "No, no," answered Eugénie.

"Come, Nanon," said Grandet, hearing his daughter's voice, "see here." He opened the cupboard where the flour was kept, gave her a cupful, and added a few ounces of butter to the piece he had already cut off.

"I shall want wood for the oven," said the implac-

able Nanon. "Well, take what you want," he answered sadly;

"but in that case you must make us a fruit-tart, and you'll cook the whole dinner in the oven. In that way you won't need two fires."

"Goodness !" cried Nanon, "you needn't tell me that."

Grandet cast a look that was well-nigh paternal

upon his faithful deputy.

"Mademoiselle," she cried, when his back was turned, "we shall have the galette."

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

James Martine Barde, author and dramatist, was born, in 1860, at Kirriemiir, Scotland. He has produced ten novels, of which the most popular have been "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy." For the last three years he has devoted the greater part of his time to play-writing.

COURTSHIPS

(From "The Auld Lichts," Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers of Mr. Barrie's works in America)

WITH the severe Auld Lichts the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road: Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty (resiny) roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes, This ceremony was common to all but here divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his biob-backed armchair by the hearth. Bible or "Pilorim's Progress" in hand occasionally lansing into slumber. Butthough, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk-there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dendered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysterionsly of women,

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was

an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Collebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the townhouse clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, aking in the situation, slowly wend his way home, On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lichts being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keen as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents: but they were generally on the brink of twenty before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance—filling a maid's water pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some hearthurning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom foitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark

A month ago, passing through the shabily familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow, which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders, and though Andle

Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not mediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years' ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervest lover whom I had the right to call my friend. Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a monolight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Graigebackle. Buxom were Craigebackle's "doothers," and Jamie was Junc's accepted suitor. It was a maddy road through dung grass, and we picked our way sitently of the control of the contr

Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the allotted span of life, the "poorshouse" will never know them. As for honny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lichts grouned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tammas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, non, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Belsy Munn, who rouches for the true presence of Belsy Munn, who rouches for the thought of the story) graciously asked her to come up the of the story) graciously asked her to come up the the manse on Tunisday, at 4 x xx, and drink at dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of courses begged modestly to be excused in that a conheas over the invitation between her and Janet—who felt slighted—that was only made up at the lyingout of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy night, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles. Thus the courtship began-often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she "fittit" a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny's grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell's prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father's peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks' eggs on which Bell's clockin hen was to sit, performing some slight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took

his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell's light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have "seen him to the door," and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good night, The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, "Will ye hae 's, Bell?" would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, "Ay," with her thumb in her mouth. "Guid nicht to ve, Bell," would be the next remark-" Guid night to ve, Jeames," the answer: the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lichts, a man can draw back in certain circumstances without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Licht lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie's brother looked softly into Easie Tamson's eyes and whispered, "Do you swite (sweat)?" Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie's eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he

had to be told of it.

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lichts that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jinny Whamond, took, sought to sew the seeds of strife 005

by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and 1 remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he pest kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lichts were only ignorant of the grieve's lass' theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims. too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family

gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joev Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and hastily donning her black mutch, received Willie on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but me had come with the compliments of Tibble's mother. requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterward Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess' head showed on the window blind, and Andra, hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lichts by showers of ha-pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen. secthed in front, and making a bolt for it to the "Sosh," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first." the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening yard.

The guests were packed hot and selemn in Johnsy Allardice. "room": the men anxious to surrender their seat to the ladies who happened to be standing but too bashful to propose it; the hean and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hisring out every now and then to let all whom this go out every now and there to let all whom this concern know that Janet Cralk was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never livel; but oh! the hypocrisy of the face that heamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but upraised arms, over what was nearly a full in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spheet new" merion dress fell, to the pulling of a string over her home-made petticoat, like the drop scene

in a theater, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotless. ness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lichts was on all occasions as somber as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lichts congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols: but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at carls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eves closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings, the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshis ping him (though he never besitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union; the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoving: and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who

nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice. our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty ten. Mr. Dishart presided, with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marvelled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days,"

Sam'l station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lichts sprung than the penny wedding, where the only revellers that were not out of nocket by it were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding. The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus' sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board; but

though fowls were plentiful, and even white bread, too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled-without exception, so far as my memory carries me-the guidwife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whiskey and water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry. with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn. the more their host smiled and rubbed his bands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at h penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding charlots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lichts being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tra over, we formed in comples, and—the best man with the bride, the bridgeroum with the best maid, leading not the way—marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibble's new home, between lines of hourse and eager onlockers. An attempt was made

RLECTION DAY PESTIVITIES

by an Itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abborrent to sound Auld Lichts, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bure-hended and solemn, into the newly musirical couples house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous disheredish abever, pomeling a pain of urwhine who had get between her and a muddly habeently.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lichts took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas' request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whisky and refused it, the others, as if nained at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dving fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

ELECTION DAY FESTIVITIES

W HEN an election day comes round now, it takes me back to the time of 1832. I would be eight or ten year old at that time. James Stra-

chan was at the door by five o'clock in the morning in his Sabbath clothes, by arrangement. We was to go up to the hill to see them building the bonfire. Moreover, there was a word that Mr. Scringour was to be there tossing pennies, just like at a marriage. I was walnead before that by my mother at the pans and bowla. I have always associated elections since that time with jelly making; for just as my mother would fill the cups and tankers and bowls with jelly to save cans, alse was emptying the pots and pans to make vary for the ale and porter. James and me was to help to carry it home from the square—him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, so the substant of the square—him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, sailly for my age and not strong in

It was a very blowy morning, though the rain kept off, and what part of the bonfire had been built already was found scattered to the winds. Before we rose a great mass of folk was getting the barrels and things together again; but some of them was never recovered, and suspicion pointed to Willitm Geddes, it being well known that William would not hesitate to carry off anything unobserved. More by token Chirsty Lamby had seen him rolling home a barrowful of firewood early in the morning, her having risen to hold cold water in her mouth, being down with the toothache. When we got up to the hill everyhody was making for the quarry, which being more sheltered was now thought to be a better place for the bonfire. The masons had struck work, it being a general holiday in the whole country side. There was a great commotion of people, all fine dressed and mostly with glengarry bonnets: and me and James was well acquaint with them. though mostly weavers and the like and not my father's conal. Mr. Scrimgour was not there himself; but there was a small, active body in his room as tossed the money for him fair enough; though

not so liberally as was expected, being mostly hap ence where pennies were looked for. Such was not my fathers' opinion, and him and a few others only had a vote. He considered it was a waste of moreg giving to them that had no vote and so taking out of other folds' mouths, but the little man said it kept everybody in good humor and made Mr. Seringour popular. He was an extraordinary affable man and very spirity, running about to waste no mue in walking, and give me a shilling, saying to me that the said was a fire here. The content has been anything, him being an orthogon of the content had been anything, him being an orthogon of the content had been anything, him being an orthogon of the content his lead and said the was a fire here.

The Captain was to vote for the Bill if he got in. the which he did. It was the Captain was to give the ale and porter in the square like a true gentleman. My father gave a kind of laugh when I let him see my shilling, and said he would keep care of it for me; and sorry I was I let him get it, me never seeing the face of it again to this day. Me and James was much annoyed with women, especially Kitty Davie, always pushing in when there was tossing, and tearing the very ha'pence out of our hands: us not caring so much about the money, but humiliated to see women mixing up in politics. By the time the topmost barrel was on the bonfire there was a great smell of whisky in the quarry, it being a confined place. My father had been against the bonfire being in the quarry, arguing that the wind on the hill would have carried off the smell of the whisky: but Peter Tosh said they did not want the smell carried off-it would be agreeable to the masons for weeks to come. Except among the women there was no fighting nor wrangling at the quarry but all in fine spirits.

I misremember now whether it was Mr. Scrimgour or the Captain that took the fancy to my father's pigs; but it was this day, at any rate, that

the Captain sent them the gamecock. Whichever one it was that fancied the litter of pigs, nothing would content him but to buy them, which he did at thirty shillings each, being the best bargain ever my father made. Nevertheless I'm thinking he was windler of the cock. The Captain, who was a local man when not with his regiment, had the grandest collection of fighting cocks in the county, and sometimes came into the town to try them against the town cocks. I mind well the large wicker cage in which they were conveyed from place to place, and never without the Captain near at hand. My father had a cock that heat all the other town cocks at the cockfight at our school, which was superintended by the elder of the kirk to see fair play; but the which died of its wounds the next day but one. This was a great grief to my father, it having been challenged to fight the Captain's cock. Therefore it was very considerate of the Captain to make my father a present of his bird; father, in compliment to him, changing its name from the "Deil" to the "Captain."

During the forenoon, and I think until well on in the day, James and me was busy with the pitcher and the flagon. The proceedings in the square, however, was not so well conducted as in the quarry, many of the folk there assembled showing a mean and grasping spirit. The Captain had given orders that there was to be no stint of ale and porter, and neither there was; but much of it lost through hastiness. Great barrels was burled into the middle of the square, where the country wives sat with their eggs and butter on market day, and was quickly stove in with an axe or paying stone or whatever came handy. Sometimes they would break into the barrel at different points; and then, when they tilted it up to get the ale out at one hole, it gushed out at the bottom till the square was flooded. My

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mother was fair disgusted when told by me and James of the waste of good liquer. It is gospel truth I speak when I say I mind well of seeing Sliege Davie catching the porter in a pan as it ran down the sire, and, when the pan was full to overfrowing, putting list mouth to the stream and drinking till he was os full as the pan. Most of the men, however, stuck to the barrels, the drink running in the street being ale and porter mixed, and left it to the women and they young folk to do the currying. Suny McQueen brought as many pairs as also could conver, rejecting the same but the same and the around against her, and as fast as she filled, the others embedden.

My father scorned to go to the square to drink ale and porter with the crowd, having the election on his mind and him to vote. Nevertheless he instructed me and James to keep up a brisk trade with the pans, and run back across the eardens in case we met dishonest folk in the streets who might drink the ale. Also, said my father, we was to let the excesses of our neighbors be a warning in sobriety to us; enough being as good as a feast, except when you can store it up for the winter. By and by my mother thought it was not safe me being in the streets with so many wild men about, and would have sent James himself, him being an orphan and hardier; but this I did not like, but, running out, did not come back for long enough. There is no doubt that the music was to blame for firing the men's blood, and the result most disgraceful fighting with no object in view. There was three fiddlers and two at the flute, most of them blind, but not the less dangerous on that account: and they kept the town in a ferment, even playing the country folk home to the farms, followed by bands of townsfolk. They were a quarrelsome set. the ploughmen and others; and it was generally admitted in the town that their overbearing behavior was responsible for the fights. I mind them being driven out of the square, stones flying thick; also some stand-up fights with sticks, and others fair enough with fists. The first fight I did not see. It took place in a field. At first it was only between two who had been miscalling one another; but there was many looking on, and when the town man was like getting the worst of it the others set to, and a most beathenish fray with no sense in it ensued. One man had his arm broken. I mind Hobart the bellman going about ringing his bell and telling all persons to get within doors; but little attention was paid to him, it being notorious that Specky had had a fight earlier in the day himself.

When James was fighting in the field, according to his own account. I had the honor of dining with the electors who voted for the Captain, him paying all expenses. It was a lucky accident my mother sending me to the townhouse, where the dinner came off, to try to get my father home at a decent hour, me having a remarkable power over him when in liquor, but at no other time. They were very jolly, however, and insisted on my drinking the Captain's health and eating more than was safe. My father got it next day from my mother for this; and so would I myself, but it was several days before I left my bed, completely knocked up as I was with the excitement and one thing or another. The bonfire, which was built to celebrate the election of Mr. Scrimgour, was set ablaze, though I did not see it, in honor of the election of the Cantain: it being thought a nity to lose it, as no doubt it would have been. That is shout all I remember of the celebrated election of '32 when the Reform Bill was passed.

WET DAYS IN THRUMS

(From "A Window in Thrums")

I N a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart tracks until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dubeans had gone into sileter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glien Qubarity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some antaears in the gien frozed his back for rheamstim. I thought be had called to have a crack with me. He send his compliments up to the area with me. He send his compliments up to the more press?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his searf and thrust into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness,

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's, and he a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandared about it) for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church

TAMES MATERIAL DADDER

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place to-day?" By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only

deferring a smile

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarreled, and I am to speak

up for you?" "Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could

gie me a bad character." This beat me, and I dare say, my face showed it,

"I'm no' juist what ve would call anxious to

marry May noo," said Gavin, without a tremor, I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie out at Crairiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm-Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin" soo 'at I would rather has her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Av. I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle 't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business,"

"Ou. I see use great difficulty in 't. I'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she 'li let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Av. oh, there's nee fear o' that." "But if Mag keeps you to your barcain?"

"Weel, in that case there's nac harm done," "You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The 939

wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winns let me aff, weel and guid; and if she will, it's better to hae

aff, weel and guid; and if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin gave his proposal briskly, and as coolly as

if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I didnot accompany him to Mags. He left the house to look for another witness, and about au hour afterward Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggert. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, and so I said to Gavin when he came to spelt-

"Ay, mony a pirn has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavia," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "be took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, "The queistion is, will ye come wi

me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."
"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who

wanted to bring Temmas to the point.
"Av." said the stone breaker, "but no in sic a

hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round, to clear

the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas,' said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ve saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ve was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o'

boots as ony in Thrums."

"Ay, but I had worn them," said Hendry, " at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death" (here he addressed me), "Tammas had just seen them two or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too. but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I've done."

"But what about Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna' that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Av. wait a wee."

"Na, I didna mention the humorous side for nac-

thing." He paused to reflect. "Oh, ves," he said at last, brightening up, "I was savin' to ve hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Av. then, what made me say that was, 'at in a clink (flash) I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "and what in 49 "

"Oh, it's this, there's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ve aff so as ve can be married to another woman."

"I daur say there is," said Hendry, doubtfully. "Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the

words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had haen my laugh-

WET DAYS IN THRUMS

- "Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye 're richt again, Tammas."
- "I wish ye wadna blatter (beat) the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded-
- "Gavin wanted me to tak' paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said,
- 'Na, na, I'll tak' paper, but use ink nor mae pen, for ther 'Il be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."
 - "An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.
- "Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too: so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I had a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?""
 - "Mag would start at that?"
- "Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hac got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, "Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?"
- "'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change."
- "'Ye mean Jean Luke,' says Mag. "'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straitfor-
- rard. "But she didna let him aff, did she?"
- "Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to nacthing o' that sort."
 - "Think it ower,' says Gavin.
 - "'Nac, my mind's made up,' said she.
 - "'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earn-
- "'Hoo do I ken that?' she spiers, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no sae easy to get.

WET DAYS IN THRUMS

" Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'for ye 're bonny to look at, an' weel-

kent for bein' a guid body.' "' Ay,' says Mag, ' I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for

ye have to tak' me." "That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hen-

dry. "He was loth to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie. but ye 're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be?-Marget Lownie, he goes

on, 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reg'lar deevil!'"

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg (frighten) her?" "Juist so, but he didna manage 't; for Mag says,

'We a' hac oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no dec-

vil, ye 're the man for me!"

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie.' he says, 'yer father's an aul man noo, an' he has nachody but yersel' to look after him. I'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak' ye awa frae him.' "

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her fa-

vorite savings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me! ""

" An' that ended it?"

" Ay, that ended it." "Did ye tak' it doon in writin'?' asked Hendry.

"There was noe need," said Tammas. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak' a look at Snecky Hobarts' auld hoose. It's to let."

LORD BEACONSFIELD

BRUPLANTE DEBARLI, Earl of Beaconsided, states man and novelst, born in London, in 1804; died there 1831. His father, Israel Disraeli, was a lover of literature and a writer of note. Young Disraeli at the age of twenty-two words "Virina Greynoused a great sensation, as it "Privan Greynome and the sensation of "The Young Duke" of "The Young Duke" and "Contarini Fiching" added to the author's fame. The latter was highly praised by Goether.

LADY CORISANDE

ONE'S life changes in a moment. Half a month ago Lothair, without an acquainance, was meditating his return to Oxford. Now he seemed to know everyhody who was suybody. His table was overflowing with invitations to all the fine bouses in town. First came the routs and the balls; then, when he had been presented to the husbands, came the dinners. His kind friends the Duchess and Lady St. Jerome were the fairles who had worked this nadden seene of enchantment. A single word from them, and London was at Lothair's feet.

He liked it annuingly. He quite forgot the conclusions which has he are representing society a contract of the contract of the contract of the single party which he had then attended. Feelings are different when you know a great many persons, and every person is trying to please your above all, when there are individuals whom you want to meet, and whom, if you do not meet, you become resities.

Town was beginning to blaze. Broughams whirled and bright barouches glanced, troops of social car-

airy cantered and caracolled in morning rides, and the bells of prancing ponies, Iashed by delicate hands, gingled in the laughing air. There were stoppages in Bond Street, which seems to cap the climax of civilization, after crowded clubs and swarping marks.

But the great event of the season was the presentation of Lady Corisande. Truly our bright maiden of Brentham woke and found herself famous. There are families whom everybody praises, and families who are treated in a different way. Either will do: all the sons and daughters of the first succeed, all the sons and daughters of the last are encouraged in perverseness by the prophetic determination of society. Half a dozen married sisters, who were the delight and ornament of their circles, in the case of Lady Corisande were good precursors of popularity: but the world would not be content with that: they credited her with all their charms and winning qualities, but also with something grander and beyoud comparison; and from the moment her fair cheek was sealed by the gracious approbation of Majesty, all the critics of the Court at once recognized her as the cynosure of the Empyrean.

Monsignor Catesty, who looked after Lothint, and was always breakfasting with him without the necessity of an invitation (a fascinating man, and who tailed upon all subjects except High Mass), knew everything that took place at Court without to like majestic theme, and while he scened to be majestic theme, and while he scened to be and hardly listening to the frame expression of opinions which he carclessly encouraged, obtained a not insufficient share of Lothint's views and impressions of human beings and affairs in general during the last free days, which had witnessed a Lovée and a

Drawing-room.

"Ah, then you were so fortunate as to know the hearty before her debut," said the Monsispore.

"Intimately; her brother is my friend. I was at Brentham last summer. Delicious place! and the most agreeable visit I ever made in my life, at least,

one of the most agreeable."

"Ah! ah!" said the Monsignore. "Let me ring

for some toast."

On the night of the Drawing-room, a great ball was given at Crecy House to celebrate the entrance of Corisande into the world. It was a sumptuous festival. The palace, resonant with fantastic music, blazed amid illumined gardens rich with summer warmth.

A prince of the blood was dancing with Lady Corisande. Lothair was there, vis-à-vis with Miss

"I delight in this hall," she said to Lothair; "but how superior the pictured scene to the reality!" "What! would you like, then, to be in a battle?"

"I should like to be with heroes, wherever they might be. What a fine character was the Black Prince! And they call those days the days of super-

stition!"

The silver horns sounded a brave flourish. Lothair had to advance and meet Lady Corisande. Her approaching milen was full of grace and majesty, but Lothair thought there was a kind expression in her glance, which seemed to remember Brentham, and that he was her brothers? friend.

A little later in the evening he was her partner. He could not refrain from congratulating her on the hearty and the success of the festival.

"I am glad you are pleased, and I am glad you think it successful; but, you know, I am no judge, for this is my first ball!"

"Ah! to be sure; and yet it seems impossible," he continued, in a tone of murmuring admiration.

"Oh! I have been at little dances at my sisters'; half behind the door," she added, with a slight smile. "But to-night I am present at a scene of which I have only read."

"And how do you like balls?" said Lothair.

"I think I shall like them very much," said Lady Corisande; "but to-night, I will confess, I am a little nervous."

"You do not look so."

"I am glad of that."

"Why?"

"Is it not a sign of weakness?"

"Is it not a sign of weakness?"
"Can feeling be weakness?"

"Feeling without sufficient cause is, I should think." And then, and in a tone of some archness,

she said, "And how do you like balls?"
"Well, I like them amazingty," said Lothair.
"They seem to me to have every quality which can render an entertainment agreeable: music, light, flowers, beautiful faces, graceful forms, and occur

sionally charming conversation."
"Yes; and that never lingers," said Lady Cori-

sande, "for see, I am wanted."

When they were again undisturbed, Lothair regretted the absence of Bertram, who was kept at the House.

"It is a great disappointment," said Lady Corisande, "but he will yet arrive, though late. I should be most unhappy though, if he were absent from his post on such an occasion. I am sure if he were here I could not dance."

"You are a most ardent politician," said Lothair.
"Ohl I do not care in the least about common politics, parties and office, and all that, I neither regard nor understand them," replied Lady Corisande. "But when wicked men try to destroy the country, then I like my family to be in the front."

As the destruction of the country meditated this

night by wicked men was some change in the status of the Church of England, which Monsignore Catesby in the morning had suggested to Lothair as both just and expedient and highly conciliatory, Lothair did not pursue the theme, for he had a greater degree of fact than usually falls to the lot of the line-morning.

The bright moments flew on. Suddenly there was a mysterious silence in the hall, followed by a kind of suppressed stir. Every one seemed to be speaking with bated breath, or, if moving, walking on

tiptoe. It was the supper hour:

"Soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart."

Royalty, followed by the imperial presence of anhasasdors, and escorted by a group of dazzling dachess and paladits of high degree, was usbered with courteous pomp by the host and hostess into a choice saloon, hung with rose-colored tapestry and illimined by chandlelers of crystal, where they were served from gold plate. But the thousand less favvored were not headly off, when they found thenselves in the more capsclous chambers, into which they rushed with an eagerness hardly in keeping with the splendial nonchalance of the preceding lower.

"What a perfect family," exclaimed Hugo Bohun, as he extracted a couple of fat little birds from their bed of aspic jelly; "everything they do in such perfect taste. How safe you were here to have

ortolans for supper!"

All the little round tables, though their number was infinite, were full. Male groups hung about; some in attendance on fair dames, some foraging for themselves, some thoughtful and more patient and awalting a satisfactory future. Never was such an elegant elatter.

"I wonder where Carisbrooke is," said Hugo Bo-

hun. "They say he is wonderfully taken with the beauteous daughter of the house."

"I will back the Duke of Brecon against him," said one of his companions. "He raved about her at White's vesterday."

"Hem!"

"The end is not so near as all that," said a third

wassailer.

"I do not know that," said Hugo Bohun. "It is
a family that marries off quickly. If a fellow is
obliged to marry, he always likes to marry one of
them."

"What of this new star?" said his friend, and he mentioned Lothair.

"OI he is too young; not launched. Besides he is going to turn Catholic, and I doubt whether that would do in that quarter."

"But he has a greater fortune than any of them."
"Immense! A man I know, who knows-another

man—" and then he began a long statistical story about Lothair's resources.

"Have you got any room here, Hugo?" drawled

out Lord St. Aldegonde.

"Plenty, and here is my chair."

"On no account; half of it and some soup will satisfy me."

"I should have thought you would have been with

the swells," said Hugo Bohun.

"That does not exactly suit me," said St. Aldegonde. "I was ticketed to the Duchess of Salop, but I got a first-rate substitute with the charm of

novelty for her Grace, and sent her in with Lothair."

St. Aldegonde was the heir apparent of the wealthiest, if not the most ancient, dukedom in the
Kingdom. He was spolled, but he knew it. Had he
been an ordinary being, he would have merely subsided into selfishness and caprice, but having good
abilities and a good disposition, he was eccentric.

adventurous, and sentimental. Notwithstanding the anathy which had been engendered by premature experience, St. Aldegonde held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the reddest dve. He was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favor of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the land-owners. the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at any one differing from him: "as if a fellow could have too much land," he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. St. Aldegonde had married for love and he loved his wife, but he was strongly in favor of woman's rights and their extremest consequences. It was thought that he had originally adopted these latter views with the amiable intention of piquing Lady St. Aldegonde; but if so, he had not succeeded. Beaming with brightness, with the voice and airiness of a bird, and a cloudless temper, Albertha St. Aldegoude had, from the first hour of her marriage, concentrated her intelligence, which was not mean, on one object; and that was never to cross her husband on any concelvable tonic. They had been married several years. and she treated him as a darling spoiled child. When he cried for the moon, it was promised him immediately: however irrational his proposition, she always assented to it, though generally by tact and vigilance she guided him in the right direction. Nevertheless, St. Aldegonde was sometimes in scrapes; but then he always went and told his best friend, whose greatest delight was to extricate him from his perplexities and embarrassments.

It was agreed that after breakfast they should go and see Corisande's garden. And a party did go:

all the Phœbus family, and Lord and Lady St. Aldegonde, and Lady Corisande, and Bertram and Lothair.

In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created. notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present Duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed. and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed, as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century. It was formed upon a gentle southern slope, with turfen terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden vew. The Duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory, that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses; huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. As they entered now. it seemed a blaze of roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall, and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air, but their homes were near, and you might watch them laboring in their glassy hives.

"Now, is not Corisande quite right?" said Lord St. Aldegonde, as he presented Madame Phobbas with a gardand of woodbine, with which she said she would dress her head at dinner. All agreed with him, and Bertram and Euphrosyne adorned each other with carnations, and Mr. Phesbus placed a flower on the uncovered head of Lady St. Aldegonde, according to the principles of high art, and they assuntered and rambled in the sweet and sumy air and a blace of butterfless and the coaseless hum

Bertram and Euphrosyne had disspipeared, and the rest were lingering about the hives while Mr. Phebus gave them a lecture on the aplary and its marvelous life. The hees understood Mr. Phebus at least he said so, and thus his friends had consiserable advantage in this lesson in entomology. Lady Corisande and Lothair were in a distant corner of the garden, and she was explaining to him her plans; what she had doen and what she meant to do.

plans; what she had done and what she meant to do.

"I wish I had a garden like this at Muriel," said
Lothair.

"You could easily make one."

"If you helped me."

"I have told you all my plans," said Lady Corisande.
"Yes; but I was thinking of something clse when

you spoke," said Lothair.

"This is not very complimentary,"

"I do not wish to be complimentary," said Lothair, "if compliments mean less than they declare,

I was not thinking of your garden, but of you."
"Where can they have all gone?" said Lady Cot.

sande, looking round. "We must find them."
"And leave this garden?" said Lothair. "And I

without a flower, the only one without a flower? I am afraid that is significant of my lot."
"You shall choose a rose," said Lady Corisande.

But choosing the rose lost more time, and when Corisande and Lothair reached the arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

"I think I hear sounds this way," said Lothair,

and he led his companion farther from home. "I see no one," said Lady Corisande, distressed, and when they had advanced a little way.

"We are sure to find them in good time," said Lothair. "Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go there and help me to make it. Yes," he added, after some hesitation, "on this spot, I believe on this very spot, I asked the permission of your mother two years ago to express to you my love. She thought me a boy, and she treated me as a boy. She said I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters were unformed. I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies,

have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love for you." She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.



VENERABLE BEDE

The Venerable Bed, an English monk, born in Northumberland about A.D. 673; died 735. He was a noted scholar and was acquainted with all that his day could teach. His great work was "The Ecclesiastical History of England."

DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN

BRITAIN, an island in the ocean, formerly called Albion, is situated between the north and west, facing, though at a considerable distance, the coasts of Germany, France, and Spain, which form the greatest part of Europe. It extends 800 miles in length toward the north, and is 200 miles in breadth, except where several promontories extend further in breadth, by which its compass is made to be 3,675 miles. To the south, as you pass along the nearest shore of the Belgie Gaul, the first place in Britain which opens to the eye, is the city of Rutubi Portus, by the English corrupted into Reptacestir. The distance from hence across the sea to Gessoriacum. the nearest shore of the Marini, is fifty miles, or as some writers say, 450 furlings. On the back of the island, where it opens upon the boundless ocean, it has the islands called Orcades. Britain excels for grain and trees, and is well adapted for feeding cattle and beasts of burden. It also produces vines in some places, and has plenty of land and waterfowls of several sorts: it is remarkable also for rivers abounding in fish, and plentiful springs. It has the greatest plenty of salmon and cels; seals are also frequently taken, and dolphins, as also

whales; besides many sorts of shellfish, such as mussels, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colors, red, purple, violet, and green, but mostly white. There is also a great abundance of cockles, of which the scarlet dye is made; a most beautiful color, which never fades with the heat of the sun, or the washing of the rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes. It has both salt and hot springs, and from them flow rivers which furnish hot baths, proper for all ages and sexes, and arranged accordingly. For water, as St. Basil says, receives the heating quality when it runs along certain metals, and becomes not only hot but scalding. Britain has also many veins of metal, as copper, iron, lead, and silver; it has much and excellent jet, which is black and sparkling, glittering at the fire, and when heated, drives away serpents; being warmed with rubbing, it holds fast whatever is applied to it, like amber. The island was formerly embellished with twenty-eight noble cities, besides innumerable castles, which were all strongly secured with walls, towers, gates, and locks. And, from its lying almost under the North Pole, the nights are light in summer, so at midnight the beholders are often in doubt whether the evening twilight still continues, or that the morning is coming on; for the sun, in the night, returns under the earth, through the northern regions at no great distance from them. For this reason the days are of a great length in summer, as, on the contrary, the nights are in winter, for the sun then withdraws into the southern parts, so that the nights are eighteeen hours long. Thus the nights are extraordinarily short in summer, and the days in winter, that is, of only six equinoctial hours. Whereas in Armenia, Macedonia, Italy, and other countries of the same latitude, the longest day or night extends but to Offeen hours, and the shortest to nine

This island at present, following the number of the books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts and Latins, each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scriptures, become common to all the rest. At first the island had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, and who coming over into Britain. as is reported, from Armorica, possessed themselves of the southern parts thereof. When they, beginning at the south, had made themselves masters of the greatest part of the island, it happened, that the nation of the Picts from Scythia, as is reported, putting to sea in a few long ships, were driven by the winds beyond the shores of Britain and arrived on the northern coasts of Ireland, where, finding the nation of the Scots, they begged to be allowed to settle among them, but could not succeed in obtaining their request. Ireland is the greater island next to Britain, and lies to the west of it; but as it is shorter than Britain to the north, so, on the other hand, it runs out far beyond it to the south, opposite to the northern parts of Spain, though a spacions sea lies between them. The Picts, as has been said, arriving in this island by sea, desired to have a place granted them in which they might settle. The Scots answered that the island could not contain them both; but "We can give you good advice," said they, " what to do; we know there is another island, not far from ours, to the eastward, which we often see at a distance when the days are clear. If you will go thither, you will obtain settlement; or, if they should oppose you, you shall have our assistance." The Picts, accordingly, sailing over into Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts thereof. for the Britons were possessed of the southern, Now the Picts had no wives, and asked them of the Scots; who would not consent to grant them under any other terms, than that when any difficulty should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the make which custom as is well known, is observed among the Picts to this day. In process of time, Britath, besides the Britans and the Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who, migrating from Iraland under the leader, Renda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, secured to themselves some settlements among the Picts which they still possess. From the name of their commander, they are to this day called Dalrendians; for, in their language, Dal signifies a part.

Ireland, in breadth, and for wholesomeness and serenity of climate, far surpasses Britain; for the snow scarcely ever lies there above three days; no man makes hav in the summer for winter's provision. or builds stables for his beasts of burden. No reptiles are found there, and no snakes can live there; for though often carried thither out of Britain, as soon as the ship comes near the shore, and the scent of the air reaches them, they die. On the contrary, almost all things in the island are good against poison. In short, we have known that when some persons have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, have immediately expelled the spreading poison, and assuaged the swelling. The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is there any want of vines, fish, or fowl; and it is remarkable for deer and goats. It is properly the country of the Scots, who, migrating from thence, as has been said, added a third nation in Britain to the Britons and the Picts. There is a very large gulf of the sea, which formerly divided the nation of the Picts from the Britons. which gulf runs from the west very far into the

DESCRIPTION OF BRITAIN

land, where, to this day, stands the strong city of the Britons, called Alciuith. The Scots, arriving on the north side of this bay, settled themselves there.

EGBERT, THE PRIEST

At that time the venerable servant of Christ, and priest, Egbert, whom I cannot name but with the greatest respect, and who, as was said before, lived a stranger in Ireland to obtain hereafter a residence in heaven, proposed to himself to do good to many, by taking upon him the anostolical work, and preaching the word of God to some of those nations that had not yet heard it; many of which nations he knew there were in Germany, from whom the Angles, or Saxons, who now inhabit Britain, are known to have derived their origin; for which reason they are still corruptly called Garmans by the neighboring nations of the Britons. Such are the Frisons, the Rugins, the Danes, the Huns, the Ancient Saxons, and the Boructuars (or Bructers). There are also in the same parts many other nations still following pagan rites, to whom the aforesaid soldier of Christ designed to repair, sailing round Britain, and to try whether he could deliver any of them from Satan, and bring them over to Christ; or if this could not be done, to go to Rome, to see and adore the hallowed thresholds of the holy anostles and martyrs of Christ.

However, Wichert, one of his companions, being famous for his contempt of the world and for his knowledge, for he had lived many years a stronger in Ireland, living an eremitted life in great present world of salvation for the space of two years sucword of salvation for the space of two years sucreaped no fruit of all his great labor among his burbarous auditors. Returning then to the beloved

VENERABLE BEDE

place of his perceptination, he gave himself up to our Lord in his wonted repose, and since he could not be profitable to strangers by teaching them the faith, he took care to be the more useful to his own people by the example of his virtue.



PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER

PRIME JEAN OR BÉRANGER, one of the most popular of French potts, born in 1759, in Paris; died there in 1857. He composed many stirring songs during the Napokoutic period. Dut the did not begin astic republican, he was at the same time a most devoted follower of Napokon, a combination that endeared him to the populace. He runs the whole scale in his work, from some couples spariding with any words of the couples of the couples of the couples in the work, from some couples spariding with ary weapons by the faction with which he allied himself.

LISETTE IN ATTIC CELL

O, IT was here that Love his gifts bestowed On youth's wild age. Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode, In milerimage!

Here my young mistress with her poet dared Reckless to dwell;

She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all, Here was Love's shrine; Here read, in charcoal traced along the wall,

The unfinished line, Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend

The Jew can tell

How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend In attic cell!

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall With fairy wand!

There she would blind the window with her shawl, Bashful, yet fond!

What though from whom she got her dress Pvb since

Learned but too well?

Still, in those days I envied not a prince In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst, 'Mid the bright bowls.

Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!

Bronze cannon roared; France, with redoubled

Felt her heart swell!

Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell.

Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give, Ere my life's close,

All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!

Where shall I now find raptures that were felt, Joys that befell,

And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt In attic cell!

THE OLD VAGABOND

(Translation in Tait's Magazine)

EERE in the ditch my bones I'll lay;

Wesk, wearied, old, the world I'll leave.

"He's drunk," the passing crowd will say:
"Its well, for none will need to grieve.

THE OLD VAGABOND

Some turn their scornful heads away, Some fling an aims in passing by; Haste—'tis the village holiday, The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays me not at all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some haspital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie;
Alas; my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen o'er and o'er,

'I've asked, "instruct me in your trade."

'Begone! our business is not more

Than keeps ourselves; go, beg." they said—
Ye vich, who bade me toll for bread,
Of bones your tables gave me store,

Your straw has often made my bed:—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;
Not—better still for alms to pray!
At most, I've plucked some apples left
To ripen near the public way.
Yet weeks and weeks in dangeons laid,
In the King's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had:
Thouch poor and old, the sun at least was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?

What hoots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The Senate where your speakers shine?

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER

Once when your homes by war o'er swept, Saw strangers battling on your land, Like any paltry fool I wept,

The aged fool was nourished by their hand,

Mankind! why trod you now the worm, The noxious thing beneath your heel? Ah! had you taught me to perform Due labor for the common weal! Then sheltered from the adverse wind, The worm and ant had time to grow; Ave, then I might have loved my kind;

The aged beggar dies your bitter foe.



WALTER RESANT

WALTER BESANT, novelist, born at Portsmouth, England, 1838; died 1901. He intended to become a clergyman and was educated at Cambridge University. He became professor in Royal College, Mauritius, but returned home to take up a literary career. He was knighted in 1895. In addition to producing numerous stories he wrote constantly for a large number of magazines. Among his best novels are "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." "Armorel of Lyonesse," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice."

THE CHILD OF SAMSON

(Harper & Bros., Publishers)

I T was the evening of a fine September day. Through the square window, built out so as to form another room almost as large as that which had been thus enlarged, the autumn sun, now fast declining to the west, poured in warm and strong, but not too warm or strong for the girl on whose head it fell as she sat leaning back in the low chair, her face turned toward the window. The sun of Scilly is never too fierce or too burning in summer, nor in winter does it ever lose its force; in July, when the people of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland venture not forth into the glare of the sun, here the soft sea mists and the strong sea air temper the heat; and in December the sun still shines with a lingering warmth, as if he loved the place. This girl lived in the sunshine all the year round: rowed in it: lay in it: basked in it, bareheaded, summer and winter; in the winter she would sit sheltered from the wind in some warm corner of the rocks; in summer she would lie on the hillside or stand upon the high healthands of the sea-heat crags while the breezes, which in the Land of Lyonesse do never cease, played with her long tresses and kept her soft check cool.

The window was wide open on all three sides; the girl had been doing some kind of work, but it had dronned from her hands, and now lay unregarded on the floor: she was gazing upon the scene before her. but with the accustomed eyes which looked out upon it every day. A girl who has such a picture continually before her all day long, never tires of it, though she may not be always consciously considering it and praising it. The stranger, for his part, cannot choose but cry aloud for admiration; but the native, who knows it as no stranger can, is silent. The house, half-way up the low hill, looked out upon the south-to be exact; its aspect was S.W. by S .- so that from this window the girl saw always, stretched out at her feet, the ocean, now glowing in the golden sunshine of September. Had she been tall enough she might even have seen the coast of South America, the nearest land in the far distance, Looking S.W. that is, she would have seen the broad mouth of Oroonooque and the shores of El Dorado. This broad seascape was broken exactly in the middle by the Bishoo's Rock and its stately light-house rising tall and straight out of the water; on the left hand the low hill of Annet shut out the sea; and on the right Great Minalto, rugged and black, the white foam always playing round its foot or flying over its great black northern headland, bounded and framed the picture. Almost in the middle of the water, not more than two miles distant, a sailing ship, all sails set, made swift way, bound outward one knows not whither. Lovely at all times is a ship in full sail. but doubly lovely when she is seen from afar, sailing

on a smooth sea, under a cloudless sky, the sun of aftermoon lighting up her white sails. No other ships were in sight; there was not even the long line of smoke which proclaims the steamer below the horizon; there was not even a Penzance fishing-boat tacking slowly homevard with brown sails and its two musts: In this direction there was no other sign

The girl, I say, saw this sight every day; she never tired of it, partly because no one ever tires of the place in which he was born and has lived-not even an Arab of the Great Sandy Desert: partly because the sea, which has been called, by unobservant poets, unchanging, does, in fact, change-face, color, mood, even shape every day, and is never the same, except, perhaps, when the east wind of March covers the sky with a monotony of gray and takes the color out of the face of ocean as it takes the color from the granite rocks, last year's brown and yellow fern, and the purple heath. To this girl, who lived with the sea around her, it always formed a setting, a background, a frame for her thoughts and dreams. Wherever she went, whatever she said or sung, or thought or did, there was always in her ears the lapping or the lashing of the waves; always before her eyes was the white surge flying over the rocks; always the tumbling waves. But as for what she actually thought, or what she dreamed, seeing how ignorant of the world she was, and how innocent and how young, and as for what was passing in her mind this afternoon as she sat at the window. I know not. On the first consideration of the thing, one would be inclined to ask how, without knowledge, can a girl think or imagine or dream anything? On further thought, one understands that knowledge has very little to do with dreams or fancies. Yet, with or without knowledge, no poet, sacred bard, or prophet has ever been able to divine the thoughts of a girl

or to interpret them, or even to set them down, in consecutive language. I suppose they are not, in truth, thoughts. Thought implies reasoning, and the connection of facts, and the experience of life as far as it has gone. A young maiden's mind is full of dimly seen shadows and pallid ghosts which flit across the brain and disappear. These shadows have the semblance of shape, but it is dim and uncertain: they have the pretense of color, but it changes every moment: if they seem to show a face, it vanishes immediately and is forgotten. Yet these shadows smile upon the young with kindly eyes; they beckon with their fingers, and point to where, low down on the horizon, with cloudy outline, lies the Purple Island-to such a girl as this the future is always a small island girt by the sea, far off and lonely. The shadows whisper to her; they sing to her; but no girl has ever yet told us-even if she understands-what it is they tell her.

She had been lying there, quiet and motionless, for an hour or more, ever since the tea-things had been taken away-at Holy Hill they have tea at half past four. The ancient lady who was in the room with her had fallen back again into the slumber which held her nearly all day long as well as all the night. The house seemed thoroughly wrapped and lapped in the softest peace and stillness; and in one corner a high clock, wooden cased, swung its brass pendulum behind a pane of glass with solemn and sonorous chronicle of the moments, so that they seemed to march rather than to fiv. A clock ought not to tick as if Father Time were hurried and driven along without dignity by a scourge. This clock, for one, was not in a hurry. Its tick showed that Time rests not-but hastens not. There is admonition in such a clock. When it has no one to admonish but a girl whose work depends on her own sweet will, its voice might seem thrown away; yet one never knows the worth of an admonition, besides, the clock suited the place and the room. Where should lime march, with solemn step and slow, if not on the quiet island of Samson, in the Archipelago of Scilly? On its face was written the name of its maker, plain for all the world to see— "Peter Trevellick, Pensauce. a. D. 1741."

The room was not ceiled, but showed the dark joists and beams above, once painted, but a long time ago. The walls were wainscoted and painted drab, after an old fashion now gone out; within the panels hung colored prints, which must have been there since the beginning of this century. They represented rural subjects-the farmer sitting before a sirloin of beef, while his wife, a cheerful nymph, brought him Brown George, foaming with her best home-brewed; the children hung about his knees expectant of morsels. Or the rustic bade farewell to his sweetheart, the recruiting-sergeant waiting for him, and the villagers, to a woman, bathed in tears. There were half a dozen of those compositions simply colored. I believe they are now worth much money. But there were many other things in this room worth money. Opposite the fire-place stood a cabinet of carved oak, black with age, precious beyond price. Behind its class windows one could see a collection of things once strange and rare-things which used to be brought home by sailors long before steamers plowed every ocean, and rlobe-trotters trotted over every land. There were wonderful things in coral, white and red and pinks Venus's fingers from the Philippines; fans from the Sevehelles, stuffed birds of wondrons hue, daggers and knives, carven tomahawks, ivory toys, and many of her wonders from the far East and fabulous Cathay. Beside the cabinet was a wooden desk. carved in mahogany, with a date of 1645, said tohave been brought to the islands by one of the Royal

fat prisoners whom Cromwell hanged upon the highest earn or Hangama's Island. There was no escaping Cromwell—not even in Selly any more than in Jamislen. In one corner was a cupbourd, the door standing open. No collector ever canie here to gaze upon the treasures unspeakable of eups and saucers, plates and punchlowls. On the mantishelf were brass candifications and silver condisticties, safel by side with "ornaments" of clims, pink and safel was the same and the same than the same safel was the same than the same than the same safel by after the same than the same than the safel was the same than the same than the same forcer than the same same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same than the same than the same than the same same than the same same than the same same than the same same than the same than

Everybody knows the feeling of a room or a house belonging to the old. Even if the windows are kept open, the air is always close. Rest, a gentle, elderly angel, sits in the least frequented room with folded wings. Sleep is always coming to the doors at all hours: for the sake of Rest and Sleep the house must be kept very quiet; nobody must ever laugh in the house, there is none of the litter that children make, nothing is out of its place, nothing is disturbed; the turniture is old-fashioned and formal, the curtains are old and finded, the curpets are old, and facted, and must be also great on the surpless of the surperson of the surperson of the surperlated that the surperson of the surperson of the surperlated that the surperson of the surperson of the surperlated that the surperson of the surperson

The only young thing at Holy Hill was the girl at the window. Everything cles was old—the scrupting, the farm laborers, the house, and the furniture. In the great hooded arm-chair beside the fire reposed the proprietor, tenant, or owner of all. She was the olddest and nost venerable dame ever seen. At this time she was askeep, and her head had dropped forward a little, but not much; her eyes were closed; ber hands were folded in her lap. She was now so every ancient that the never let her chair except for

the bed; also, by reason of her great antiquity, she now passed most of the day in sleep, partly awake in the morning, when she gazed about and asked questions of the day. But sometimes, as you vill presently see, she revived again in the evening, became lively and talkative, and suffered her memory to return to the ancient days.

By the assistance of her handmaidens, this venerable lady was enabled to present an appearance both picturesque and pleasing, chiefly because it carried the imagination back to a period so very remote. To begin with, she wore her bonnet all day long. Forty years ago it was not uncommon in country places to find very old ladies who wore their bonnets all day long. Ursula Rosevcan, however, was the last who still preserved that ancient custom. It was a large bonnet that she wore, a kind of bonnet calculated to impress very deeply the imagination of one -whether male or female-who saw it for the first time; it was of hold design, as capacious as a storeship, as flowing in its lines as an old man-of-war; inspired to a certain extent by the fashions of the Waterloo period. Yet, in great part, of independent design. Those few who were permitted to gaze upon the bonnet beheld it reverently. Within the bonnet an adroit arrangement of cap and ribbons concealed whatever of baldness or existily as to locks-but what does one know? Venus Calva has never been worshipped by men; and women only pay their tribute at her shrine from fear, never from love. The face of the sleeping lady reminded oneat first, vaguely-of history. Presently one perceived that it was the identical face which that dread Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth herself, would have assumed had she lived to the age of ninety-five, which was Ursula's time of life in the year 1884. For it was an aquiline face, thin and sharn; and if her eyes had been open you would

have remarked that they were bright and piercing, almost like those of the Tubor Queen. Her check almost like those of the Tubor Queen. Her check still preserved something of the color which had once made it beautiful; but check and forehead alike were covered with lines innumerable, and her withered hands seemed to have grown too small for their natural glove. She was dressed in black silk, and wore a gold chain about the neck.

The clock struck half past five melodiously. Then the girl started and sat unright-as awakened out of her dream. "Armorel," it seemed to say-nay, since it seemed to say, it actually did say-"Child Armorel I am old and wise For a hundred and forty-three years, ever since I left the hands of the ingenious Peter Trevellick, of Penzance, in the year 1741. I have been counting the moments, never ceasing save at those periods when surgical operations have been necessary. In each year there are thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six thousand moments. Judge, therefore, for yourself how many moments in all I have counted. I must, you will own, be very wise indeed. I am older even than your great-great-grandmother. I remember her a baby first, and then a pretty child, and then a beautiful woman, for all she is now so worn and wizened. I remember her father and her grandfather. Also her brothers and her son and her grandson-and your own father, dear Armorel. The moments pass; they never cease; I tell them as they go. You have but short space to do all you wish to do. You, child, have done nothing at all yet. But the moments nass. Patience. For you, too, work will be found. Youth passes. You can hear it pass. I tell the moments in which it melts away and vanishes. Age itself shall pass. You may listen if you please. I tell the moments in which it slowly passes."

Armorel looked at the clock with serious eyes during the delivery of this fine sermon, the whole

bearing of which she did not perhaps comprehend. Then she started up suddeely and aprung to her feet, stung by a sudden pang of restlessness, with a quick breath and a sigh. We who have passed the noon of life are apt to forget the disease of restlessness to which youth is prone; it is an affection which greatly troubles that period of life, though it should be the huppiest and most contented; it is a disorder due to anticipation, impattence, and ina disorder due to anticipation, impattence, and inthe solid properties of the solid properties of the control of the solid properties of the solid power before one and such discoveries to make;

Armorel opened the door noiseleasly, and slipped out. At the same moment the old dag avoke and erept out with her, going delicately and on lipice lest he should awaken the ancient lead, in the hall outside, the girl stood listening. The lon the hall outside, the girl stood listening. The base was quite sitent, save from the kitchen there was warfed on the air a soft droning—gentle, unsedends, and nurmarura, like the contential bosoning of a bunmuranura, like the contential bosoning of a bunmuranura, like the contential bosoning of a bulbe-less among the figurest. Armorel-langued gently, "011" she murmured; "they are all anless. Crandmother is askep in the parlor; Dorma sidelpins are askep in the kitchen; Justinia is askep in the cottage, and I suppose the lay is akeep somewhere to the formward.

The girl led the way, and the dog followed.

She passed through the door into the garden of the front. It was not exactly a well-ordered garden, because everything seemed to grow as it pleased, but them in Samson you have not to case flowers and plants into growing: they grow because it pleases them to grow this is the reason why they grow so tall and so fast. The garden faced the south-west, and was protected from the north and east bythe house itself and by a high stone wall. There is not anywhere on the Island a warmer and sunnice corner

than this little front garden of Holy Hill. The geranium clambered up the walls beside and among the branches of the tree-fuchsia, both together covering the front of the house with the rich coloring of their flowers. On either side of the door grew a great tree, with guarled trunk and twisted branches, of lemon verbena, fragrant and sweet, perfuming the air; the myrtles were like unto trees for size; the very marguerites ran to timber of the smaller kind; the pampas-grass in the warmest corner rose eight feet high, waving its long silver plumes; the tall stalk still stood which had borne the flowers of an aloc that very summer; the leaves of the plant itself were slowly dving away, their life work. which is nothing at all but the production of that one flowering stem, finished. That done, the world has no more attractions for the aloe; it is content; it slowly dies away. And in the front of the marden was a row of tall dracena palms. An old ship's figure-head, thrown ashore after a wreck, representing the head and bust of a beautiful maiden, gilded, but with a good deal of the gilt rubbed off, stood in the left hand of the garden, half hidden by another fuchsia-tree in flower; and a luge old-fashioned shin's lantern hung from an iron bar project-

ing over the door of the house.

The house itself was of stone, with a roof of small slates. Impossible to say how old it was, because in this land, stone-work ages rapidly, and soon becomes covered with yellow and orange lichen, while in the interstices there soon grows the gray sandwort; and in the soft sea air and the damps as minst the sharp edges of granten are quickly rounded off and crumbled. But it was a voice of house to be continued to the continue of the continue

it is protected from the north and north-east winds, which are the deadlist enemies to Scilly, partly by the hill behind and partly by a spur of gray rock running like an ancient Cyclopean wall down the whole face of the hill into the sea, where for a many a fathen it sticks out black teeth, round which the white surge rises and tumbles, even in the calmest time.

Beyond the garden wall—why they wanted a garden wall I know not, except for the pride and digentity of the thing—was a narrow green, with a little nat very little—prind; in the pond there were duction and beside the green was a small farm-yard, containing everything that a farm-yard should containing everything that a farm-yard should containing everything that a farm-yard should contain except a stable. It had no stable, because there are no horsee or carts upon the island. Pligs there and an an an engle donley for the purpose of carrying flower baskets from the farm to the landing-place. But neither horse nor cart.

Beyond the farm-yard was a cottage, exactly like the house, but smaller. It was thatched, and on the thatch grew clumps of samphire. This was the abode of Justinian Tryeth, bailiff, head man, or foremen, who managed the farm. When you have named Ursula Rosevean and Armorel, her greatgreat-granddaughter, and Justinian Tryeth, and Dorcas his wife-she was a native of St. Agnes. and therefore a Hicks by birth-Peter his son, and Chessun his daughter, you have a complete directory of the island, because pobody else now lives on Samson. Formerly, however, and almost within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, according to the computation of antiquaries and the voice of tradition, this island maintained a population of over two score

The hill which rises behind the house is the southern hill of the two which, with the broad valley between them, make up the Island of Samson. This hill slopes steeply seaward to south and west. It is not a lofty hill, by any means. In Scilly there are no lofty hills. When nature addressed herself to the construction of this archinelago she brought to the task a light touch; at the moment she happened to be full of feeling for the great and artistic effects which may be produced by small elevations, especially in those places where the material is granite. Therefore, though she raised no Alpine peak in Scilly, she provided great abundance and any variety of bold coastline with rugged cliff's, lofty cairns, and headlines piled with rocks. And her success as an artist in this genre has been undoubtedly wonderful. The actual measurement of Holy Hill, Samson-but why should we measurehas been taken, for the admiration of the world, by the Ordnance Survey. It is really no more than a hundred and thirty-two feet-not a foot more or less. But then one knows hills ten times that height -the Herefordshire Beacon for example-which are not half so mountainous in the effect produced. Only a hundred and thirty-two feet-yet on its summit one feels the exhibaration of spirits caused by the air elsewhere of five thousand feet at least. On its southern and western slopes lie the fields which form the Flower Farm of Holy Hill.

Below the farm-yard the ground sloped more steenly to the water: the slope was covered with short heather fern, now brown and yellow, and long trailing branches of bramble, now laden with ripe blackberries, the leaves enriched with blazon of gold

and nurnle and crimson.

Armorel ran across the green and plunged among the fern, tossing her arms and singing aloud, the old dog trotting and immoing, but with less elasticity, beside her. She was bareheaded; the sunshine made her dark cheeks ruddy and caused her black eyes to glow. Hebe, young and strong, loves Phoebus and fears not any freckles. When she came to the water's edge, where the houlders lie piled in a broken mass among and above the water, she stood still and looked across the sea, silent for a moment. Then she began to sing in a strong contralto: but no one could hear her, not even the coastguard on Telegraph Hill, or he of the Star Fort; the song she sung was one taught her by the old lady. who had sung it herself in the old, old days, when the road was always filled with merchantmen waiting for convoy up the Channel, and when the islands were rich with the trade of the ships, and their piloting, and their wrecks-to say nothing of the free trade which went on gallantly without break or stop. As she sung she lifted her arms and swung them in a slow cadence, as a Nautch girl sometimes swings her arms. What she sung was nothing other than the old song:

"Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, I heard a maid sing in the valley helow: 'Oh! don't deceive me. Oh! never leave me, How could you use a poor maiden so?'"

In the year of grace 1884, Armord was fitteen, years of age, But she looked inducton or twenty, because she was so tall and well-grown. She was dressed simply in a blue finant; the straw hat which she carried in her hand was trimmed with red ribons; at her throat she had stuck a red verbena—she naturally took to red, because her complexion was so dark. Black hair; black egra; a strongly marked brow; a dark check of warm and ruddy huse; the lips full, but the mouth finely curved; features large but regular—she was already, though so young, a tall and handone woman. Those able to understand things would recognize in her dark complexion, in her carriage, in her eyes, and in hee upright

figure the true Castilian touch. The gypsy is swarthy; the negro is black, the mulatto is dusky, it is not the color alone, but the figure and the carriage also, which mark the Spanish blood. A noble Spanish lady; yet how could she get to Samson?

She were no gloves-you cannot buy gloves in Samson-and her bands were brown with exposure to sea and sun, to wind and rain; they were by no means tiny hands, but strong and canable hands: her arms-no one ever saw them, but for shape and whiteness they could not be matched-would have disgraced no young fellow of her own age for strength and muscle. That was fairly to be expected in one who continually sailed and rowed across the inland seas of this archipelago; who went to church by boat and to market by boat; who paid her visits by boat, and transacted her business by boat, and went by hoat to do her shopping. She who rows every day upon the salt water, and knows how to manage a sail when the breeze is strong and the Atlantic surge rolls over the rocks and roughens the still water of the road, must needs be strong and sound. For my own part, I admire not the fragile maiden so much as her who rejoices in her strength. Youth in woman, as well as in man, should be brave and lusty: clean of limb as well as of heart; strong of arm as well as of will: enduring hardness of voluntary labor as well as hardness of involuntary pain; with feet that can walk, run, and climb, and with hands that can hold on. Such a girl as Armorel, so tall, so strong, so healthy, offers, methinks, a home ready-made for all the virtues, and especially the virtues feminine, to house themselves therein, Here they will remain, growing stronger every day, until at last they have become part and parcel of the very girl herself, and cannot be parted from her. Whereas, when they visit the puny creature, weak, *imid. delicate-but no-'tis better to remain silent.

How many times had the girl wandered, morning or afternoon, down the rough face of the hill. and stood looking vaguely out to sea, and presently returned home again? How many such walks had she taken and forgotten? For a hundred times? yea, a thousand times-we do over and over again the old familiar action, the little piece of the day's routine, and forget it when we lie down to sleep. But there comes the thousandth time when the same thing is done again in the same way, yet is never to he forgotten. For on that day happens the thing which changes and charges a whole life. It is the first of many days. It is the beginning of new days. From it, whatever may have happened before, werything shall now be dated until the end. Mohammed lived many years, but all the things that happened unto him or his successors are dated from the Flight. Is it for nothing that it has been told what things Armorel did and how she looked on this day? Not so, but for the sake of what happened afterward, and because the history of Armorel begins with this restless fit, which drove her out of the quiet room down the hill-side to the sea. Her history begins, like every history of a woman worth relating, with the man cast by the sea upon the shores of her island. The maiden always lives upon an island, and whether the man is cast upon the shore by the sea of society, or the sea of travel, or the sea of accident, or the sea of adventure, or the sea of briny waves and roaring winds and jagged rocks, matters little. To Armorel it was the last. To you, dear Dorothy or Violet, it will doubtless be by the sea of society. And the day that custs him before your feet will ever after begin a new period in your reckoning.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

BJÖRNSPIRMS BJÖRNSON, poet and novellst, was born at Kvilen, Norway, in 1832. He become a student at the University of Christiania in 1852, and almost immediately became a writer for periodicals, Later he managed a theater, edited two papers and raveled extensively. While on his tours he was a voluminous writer of poems, plays and novels. His most important works include "Magnilidi" "Arne," "Flags are Flying." The best dramas from his pen are "Mary Suart," "A Glove" and "Leonardo,"

THE PRINCESS

THE Princess sat alone in her maiden bower,
The lad blew his horn at the foot of the tower.
"Why playest thou alway? Be silent, I pray,
If fetters my thoughts that would flee far away,
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden hower sat the Princess forlorn,
The lad had ecased to play on his horn.
"Oh, why art thou silent? I beg thee to play!
It gives wing to my thoughts that would fice away,
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden hower sat the Princess forlorn, Once more with delight played the lad on his horn. She wept as the shadows grew long, and she sighed: "Oh, tell me, my God, what my heart doth betide, Now the sun has gone down."

THE NORTH LAND

MY land will I defend,
My land will I befriend,
And my son to help its fortunes and be faithful

I will train;
Its weal shall be my prayer.

And its want shall be my care,

From the rugged old snow mountains to the cabins
by the main.

We have sun enough and rain,

We have fields of golden grain; But love is more than fortune, or the best of sunny weather;

And we have many a Child of Song, And Sons of Labor strong,

We have hearts to raise the North Land, if they only beat together.

In many a gallant fight

We have shown the world our might,

And reared the Norseman's banner on a vanquished
stranger's shore;

But fresh combats we will brave,

And a nobler flag shall wave, With more of health and beauty than it over had before!

ARNE

The following extracts from "Arne" are taken from a translation made by a Norwegian, and published in English at Bergen by H. J. Gednuwdens!

(A Tale of Persons Life in Norway)

[Arne is the son of Margit Kampen, the owner of a small farm; his father Nils, the tailor and fid-

dier, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who had been the idd of the lasses at all rural guiderings, is dead. Are the has grown up an industrious lad, but a maker of songs, and possessed with strange longings to see other lands beyond the hills of snow. Besides managing his mother's land he works at sessons an neighbors' farms, and he falls in love with Eli, the daughter of Birgift Boen, who had been one of the father's many admirers, and had hoped to be his wife.)

As Arne with his hand-saw on his shoulder walked over the ice and approached the farm of Boen, it seemed to him a very nice one. The house looked as if it were newly painted. He felt somewhat cold, and perhaps that was why the house looked so comfortable. He did not go straight in, but went first to the cow-house. There a flock of thick-haired goats were standing in the snow, gnawing the bark of some sprigs. A chained dog was running to and fro by its kennel barking as if the fiend himself had been coming, but wagged his tail as soon as Arne stopped, and then allowed himself to be patted. The kitchen door on the upper side of the house was often opened, and, every time, Arne looked that way: but it was either the dairy-maid who came with her milk-pans, or the cook-maid, who emptied some vessels for the goats. In the barn they were threshing: to the left before the wood-house a boy was standing cutting wood, and behind him there was a great quantity of wood piled together. Arne put down his hand-saw and went into the kitchen; there was white sand on the floor and juniper cut in very small pieces strewn over. Copper kettles were shining on the walls, and jugs and plates standing in long rows. They were preparing dinner, and he asked to speak to Bard. "Go into the room," said somebody, pointing to the door. He went. There was no latch to the door, but the handle was of brass. Inside it was

fight and painted, the ceiling ornamented with many roses; the cupboards red, with the name of the proprietor in black; the bedstead red likewise, but with blue stripes on all the edges. Near the stove there was a broad-shouldered man sitting with a mild face and long vellow hair. He was putting some hoops round some little tubs. At the long table a tail and slender woman was sitting with a handkerchief on her head and with a tight-sleeved gown. She was dividing some corn into two heaps. There was no

one else in the room. "Good day, and blessing to your work!" said Arne, taking off his can. Both looked up, the man

smiling, and asked who he was, "He who is to cut with a hand-saw." The man then smiled more and said, whilst bending his head down and again beginning his work, "Oh! Arne Kampen?"

"Arne Kampen!" cried out the woman, staring

with all her eyes.

Her husband looked up, smiling anew, "Son of Nils the tailor: " and he set to work again.

Some while afterwards the woman rose, went up to a shelf, turned round, went to the cunboard, turned again, and whilst at last standing and looking at something in the drawer of the table she asked without looking up, "Is he going to work here?"

"Yes, he is," replied the man, also without looking up. "I am afraid nobody has asked you to sit down," continued he, turning towards Arne. He went to take a seat; the woman went out, the man went on working, so Arne asked if he should also

begin. "We must dine first." The woman did not come in any more, but the next time the kitchen door was opened it was Eli who entered. She pretended at first not to see him; when he rose to go to her she stopped, half turning to offer him her hand, but she did not look at him. They then spoke a couple of words to each other, the father going on working. She had her hair plaited, was dressed in a high-hodied gown with narrow sleeves; she was slender and straight, round about the waist, and had very small hands. She laid the table, as the working men dined in the other room, but Arne with the family in this room. "Will not your most proper one?" asked the man,

"No, she is upstairs weighing some wool."

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes, but she says she wants nothing." There was some silence.

"But it is cold upstairs."

"She did not wish that I should light a fire."

After dinner Arne worked; in the evening he was again in the room with the family. Then Eli's mother was also there. The women were sewing, the husband doing some little jobs, Arne assisting him, and there was a silence of some hours, for Eli, who always seemed to be the spokeswoman, was also silent now. It pained Arne to think that so it was also often in his home, but he did not seem to think of it before now. At length Eli once drew a deep breath, as if she had kept silence long enough, and then she began to laugh. Then her father also laughed, and Arne also thought it very ridiculous, and began to saugh too. From this time they talked a little, especially Eli and Arne, the father occasionally joining in with a word. But once, as Arne had happened to talk a long time, he looked up. He then saw that the mother had let her work fall and sat looking eagerly at him. She now began to work again, but at the first words he happened to say she looked up.

It was now bedtime, and every one went to rest. Arne would try to remember the dream he had the first night he slept in a new place, but there was no sense in it. The whole day he had spoken little or nothing with Ell's father, but all night long it was of him he was dreaming. The last thing he dreamed was, that Bard was sitting playing cards with Nils the tailor, who was very angry and pale in the face, whilst Bard was smiling and dragging all the cards over to him.

Arne remained there several days, during which little was spoken, but a great deal of work was done. Not only the family in their own room were silent. but even the servants, the workmen, and the women. There was an old dog in the yard, which was always barking whenever there came any stranger to the farm; but the people said "Hush!" and then he went away growling to lie down again. At home at Kampen there was a great weathercock on the top of the house, that turned with the wind. Here there was a still larger one that Arne could not but take notice of, because it did not turn at all. When the wind was strong the weather-cock always worked hard to get loose, and Arne looked at this so long that he was induced to go up on the roof to loosen it. It was not frozen fast, as he thought, but a stick was put in to make it stand still. This Arne took out and threw down. The stick hit Bard, who was walking underneath. He looked up: "What are you doing there?"

"I am loosening the weather-cock."

"Do not do that, it creaks when it goes."

Arne was sitting astride on the ridge of the house.

"I am sure that it is better than to let it be silent."

Bard looked up at Arne and Arne looked down on
Bard. Then Bard smiled and called up to him. "If

I must shrick when I am to talk then I had better be silent."

be silent."

Now it may happen so that a word is remembered a long time after it has been said, and especially when it is the last word said. These words followed Arne when in the cold weather he crept down from the roof, and they were in his mind when he entered

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the room in the evening. There stood Eli in the dusk of the evening near a window looking across the ice. which was lying as smooth as a mirror in the moonlight. He went to the other window and looked out as she did. Inside it was warm and quiet, outside cold; and a sharp evening breeze rushed through the valley, shaking the trees so much that the shadows which they threw in the moonlight did not lie still. but groped about and crept on the surface of the snow. In the personage a light could be seen that came ever opening and shutting itself, taking many shapes and colors as it always appears when one is looking too long at it. The dark mountain stood overhead, with many marvelons fairy stories in the bottom, but with moonlight on the snowy plains of its summit. In the sky could be seen the stars and some little flickering aurora borealis vonder in one corners but it did not increase all over the sky. Some distance from the window down towards the water several trees were standing, and they seemed stealing over to each other through their shadows; but the great ash stood by itself writing on the snow.

It was quite silent everywhere; only occasionally there was something that gave a long and yelling shrick that sounded quite plaintive. "What is that?"

asked Arne.

"It is the weather-cock," replied Ell, afterwards adding more slowly, as if to herself, "It must have been loosened." Arne had felt as if he had been wanting to talk and was not able; but now he said:

wanting to talk and was not able; but now he said:
"Do you remember the story of the thrushes; that
some?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I remember it was you who told it us

She now said in so soft a voice that it seemed to him the first time he heard it, "I often think there is something that sings when it is quite still." "That is what is good in us."

She looked towards him as if there was something too much in that answer. They were both silent afterwards. Then she asked him while she was writing with her finger on the glass-pane, "Have you lately made any song?"

He turned red, but she did not see it. She therefore asked again, "How do you manage to make

fore ass

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes, I should."

"I take care of such thoughts as others allow to pass." She was now silent a long time. I dare say she was trying to compose a song of some sort or other, as if she had had some thoughts, but allowed them to pass. "That was strange," said she, as if to herself, and began writing again on the class-

pane.
"I was making a song the first time I saw you."
"Where was that?"

"Near the parsonage that evening you left it. I saw you in the water."

She laughed, stood quiet a little, and said, "Let me hear that song."

Arne had never before done anything of the kind.

but now he commenced saying the song: My Thora jumped so light on her feet

Her lover to meet. He sang. It was heard over roof and way-

Good day! good day! And all little birds sang merry and gay:

"Till midsummer-eve Laughter and dancing they never leave; Later but little I know, if she does her garland weave."

Eli stood very attentive a long time after he had done. At last she burst out, "Well, how I do pity her!"

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"It appears to me as if I had not made that song," said he, and remained standing as if looking after the song.

Then she said, "But I hope it will not go so with

"No, I thought more of myself."

"Will it go so with you then?"

"I do not know, but I have felt so at times."

"That is strange," and she wrote on the glass-pane again.

The next day when Arne came in to dine he went up to the window. Outside it was gray and thick, inside it was warm and comfortable. But on the window-pane was written with a finger, Arne, Arne, Arne, and continually Arne. It was near this window that Elf had been standing the preceding night. His mother dreads that Arne will co away, and

[His mother dreads that Arne will go away, and is glad to discover that be has fallen in love; but, knowing his shyness, she schemes to bring about the match, and the kindly pastor of the village aids her.

"Good-bye," said Margit, in the door up at the clergman's. It was a Sunday evening later in the summer; he was come from church, and she had seen been sitting there till now-it was almost seven. "Good-bye, Margit," said the clergman. She made haste down the stairs and out into the yard, for there she had just seen Ell Boen playing with the clergman's son and her own brother.

"Good evening," said Margit, and remained standing. "Good bless the party!" "Good evening," said Eli. She was hurning red in the face, and would leave off, though the boys pressed her to go on; but she begged to be excused, and was permitted to leave off for to-night.

"I almost think I should know you," said Margit, "That may be so," said the other.

"It could not be Eli Boen?" Yes, it was she,

"Why to be sure, so you are Eli Boen? Yes, now I see how like you are to your mother."

Eli's tawny hair was torn out, so it hung lone and loose down; she was as hot and red in the face as a herry; her breath came heavily, so much so that she could not talk and laugh. "Well, now, that belongs to youth, that does," said Margit, and looked at the girl till she grew quite fond of her. "I supnose you do not know me, do you?" Eli wished to ask, but did not do so on account of the other being elder, so she said that she did not recollect ever baying seen her before. "Why, no, it could not be expected that you knew me; old people seldom get out. My son you know perhaps a little-Arne Kampen? I am his mother." She stole a glance at Eli, whose breath directly came slowly, and her face became serious, and eyes staring. "I almost think he has been at work once yonder at Boen." Yes, he had. "It is beautiful weather to-night. We threw about the hav during the day and took it in before I left. it is such blessed weather."

"It will certainly be a good hay harvest this year," said Eli.

"Yes, you may say so. At Boen I suppose it is beautiful?"

"They have done there now."

"I dare say they have; great help, active people. Are you going home to-nights? "No, she solid not do so. "Could not you go with me part of the noal? It is so seddom I find any one to talk with, and I dave say it does not matter much for you." Elli excused berself that she had not her jacked. "Why, yes. I am almost ashamed to ask such a thing the first time I see a person, but one must bear with old people." Ell said she might go with her; she would only run in for her jacket.

It was a very close jacket. When it was hooked, it looked as if it were a body of a dress that she had

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on; but now she only hooked the two lowest hooks, he was so hot. Her fine linen had a little collar, that was turned over and kept together in the front by a silver button in the form of a bird with wings spread out. Such a button Nils the tailor had worn the first time Margit Kampen danced with him.

"A nice button," said she, looking at it.

"I got it from mother," said Eli.

"Yes, I suppose you have," and she was helping her and putting her in order.

Now they walked on. The grass was moved down, and was lying in little heaps, to which Margit went up, and found when smelling it that it was good hay. She asked about the cattle they had on this farm, and then got the opportunity to ask about the cattle they had at Boen and told how much cattle they had at Kampen, "Our farm has improved much in the later years, and it may be more than twice as large. There are now twelve milch cows, and there might be more, but Arne has so many books he reads in and manages after, therefore he will have them fed in such a grand style," Eli said nothing to all this, as might be expected, but Margit asked her how old she was. She was a little more than twenty years. "Have you tried your hand in house-keeping? You look such a lady I suppose it has not been much." Yes, she had helped somewhat, especially in the later time. "Well, it is good to be used to everything. When one gets a large houst much may be wanted. But certainly that one who finds good help before her has no reason to complain." Eli would like to return, for now they were a long way past the parsonage. "It will be a couple of hours before the sun goes down; it would be kind of you to go on talking with me a little longer." And Eli went with her.

Margit now began to talk of Arne. "I do not

know if you know much of him. He might be able to teach you something. Good Lord, what a deal he has read!" Eli confessed she knew he had read much. "But that is the least good in him, that is, So good as he has been towards his mother all his days, that is something more. If the old adage be true that the person who is kind to his mother is sure to make a good husband, then that one he chooses will not have much to complain of." Eli asked why they had painted the house vonder with weav colors. "I suppose they have not had any other," thought Margit. "I am sure I should wish with all my heart that my Arne got a reward for all the good he has been doing to his mother. The woman he ought to have for a wife ought to be well Instructed and of good heart. What is it you are looking after, my child?"

"I only lost a little sprig I was carrying."

"Well, I have many thoughts, I can tell you, whilst I am sitting yonder in the forest by myself. If he should happen to carry one home who took a blessing with her both to the house and to her husband, then I know that many a poor one would be glad on that day." They were both silent, and walked on without looking at each other. "He is so strange." began again the mother, "he has been so much frightened as a child, and therefore he has been used to keep all his thoughts quite to himself, and such neonle do not generally get on." Now Eli insisted on returning, but Margit said it was only about a mile to Kampen-not so much even-and therefore she must see Kampen as she had come so far. But Eli thought it was too late for her. "Oh! there are always those who will go home with you," said Margit.

"No, no!" answered Eli quickly, and wanted to refurn.

[&]quot;Well, Arne is not at home," said Margit, "so

it will not be he; but I dare say we shall find somebody else."

Eli had now no longer so great an objection. "If

it only will not be too late," said she.

"Well, if we stand here long talking it may soon be too late;" and they walked on. "I suppose you have read much, you who have been educated at the clergyman's?" Yes, she had. "That will be of good service to you when you get one for your husband who knows somewhat less." No; such a one Eli said she would not have. "I dare say that would not be the best either; but here in the parish people generally know very little." Eli now asked if it was Kampen that she could see right before her. "No: that is Gransetren, the last farm before you come into the wood; when you come a little further un you will see Kampen. It is easy to live at Kampen I can tell you. It certainly seems to be a little aside, but happiness does not depend upon that." "Ili now asked what it was she saw smoking vonder in the wood. "It is from the house of a tenant who has got a place under Kampen. There lives a man from Uplands whose name is Canute. He went about quite alone, and then Arne gave him this spot to clear. Poor Arne knows what it is to be alone," In a little while they came so high up that they could see the farm.

"Is that Kampen?" said Eli, stopping and point-

"It is," said Margit. She stopped also.

The sun now looked them right in the face; they put their hands up to shade their eyes and looked downwards. In the middle of the plain lay the farmhouse, painted red, with white window-frames as standing in beaps; the corn-felds lay green beyond the plas meadow; youder, near the cow-house, they were very busy—cows, sheep, and goats coming home.

the dogs barking, the dairy-maids calling; but over it all the load noise of the waterfall of the glen. The longer Ell looked the more she heard this sound, which at last grew so frightful that her heart began to pulpitate. It kept on thundering and rouring through her head till she felt as if quite wild, but afterwards so bind, that without perceiving it she was the second of the second of the second of the form to go on a little faster. This quite right she her. "I have never heard anything like that waterfall before," said she. "I am getting frightened."

"You will soon get used to it," said the mother "Dear me! Do you think so?" asked Eli-

"Well, that you will soon see," said Margit, smiling. "Come now, and let us first look at the attle," continued she, turning away a little from the road, "These trees Nils planted on both sides, for Nils wanted to have it nice; and so does Arne also. Look, there is the garden he has laid out."

"Only look!" cried out Eli, running fast up to the

"Yes; by-and-by we shall look at that also," said Margit. Eli now looked quickly through the windows as she passed them; nobody was inside.

Both battle between the bridge going up that he han battle beam of the bridge going up that he han do not be been and the bridge going up that he han and going into the covi-base. Margit named then all by names, told 281 how much milk each of them had yielded, what time same should be culting and which of them ast. The sheep were counted and allowed to come in; they were all of a large foreign specker, for Arme had been able to get hold of two lambs of that species from the southern parts of the country. "He is always applying binself to all such things, though we should not think it for the country." He is always applying binself to all such things, though we should not think it for all country and the same look at the hay that was just taken in, and Ell must smell it. "For such har is not found everwhere."

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Through an opening in the wall of the barn they closed out on the correlected, Margit telling Bill how much each field hore, and how much was sewn of the much each field hore, and how much was sewn of the that one who comes here." They went out of the barn and walled towards the house, but Bill, who had not answered anything to all the rest, whon had not answered anything to all the rest, who to go in. And when she entired she asked if she was the second of the she was the second of the she was the second of the she was the she

"We must make haste now, lest it should be too late," said Margit, standing at the door of the house, and they walked in. Margit asked if she should not treat her with anything as this was her first visits but Eli blushed, answering shortly, "No." looked about the room; it was not very large, but comfortable, and contained a clock and a stove, Here Nils's fiddle was hanging, now old and dark but with new strings. Here also a couple of guns that belonged to Arne, English fishing tackle, and other strange things that his mother took down and showed her. Eli looked, but did not touch anything. The room was not painted, for Arne liked it so. Nor was there need of any painting in the room, for the window overlooked the glen, that had the high mountain right opposite to it and the beautiful blue in the back-ground; this room was larger and nicer than the others; but in two smaller rooms in the wing the walls were painted, for there the mother was to live when she grew old, and when he had got a wife in the house. They went to the kitchen, to the pantry and larder, to the drying-houses, and it

now only remained to go up to the second story.

Here, also, were rooms well fitted up and exactly corresponding to those downstairs, but they were new, and not taken into use with the excep-

tion of one overlooking the glen. In these rooms up stairs all sorts of furniture was placed, that was not used every day. Here were hanging a great many fur-coverlets and other bed-clothes. The mother took hold of them; lifting them; Eli did the same. All these things she was very fond of looking at: returned to some of them, asked many questions, and was more and more amused. Then said the mother. "Now we shall find the key to Arne's own room," They found it under a chest, and went into the room that overlooked the glen. The dreadful noise of the waterfall was again close to thom, for the window was open. Here they could see the water lashing up between the rocks, but not the waterfall itself excent higher up where a piece of rock had fallen into it, just as it came with all its might to its last plunge down into the deep. On the upper part of this rock fresh turf was lying; a couple of fir-cones had found place here, and were growing up again with the roots in the crevices of the rock. The wind had been wearing and tearing these trees, the waterfall continually washed them, so there was not a twig four ells from the root; on their knees they seemed bent, their branches crooked, but yet they stood there rising high between the rocks. These were the first things Ell saw from the window, then the white snowy mountain higher up than the green. She looked back; over the fields there was neace and fertility: she then looked about in the room, and the first object she saw was a great book-shelf. There were so many books that she did not think the clergyman had more. A curboard was standing near to the shelf, and down here he had his money. Twice they had inherited, said the mother, and they ought also to take a third inheritance if everything went on as it ought to do. "But money is not the best thing in the world. He might get what was much better." There were many little things interesting to

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look at in this cupboard, and Eli looked at them all as joyfully as a child. Then the mother showed her a big chest where all his gear was lving. This chest they also opened and looked at. Margit patted her on her shoulder, saying, "I have not seen you before to-day, but I love you already so much, my child," and she looked kindly into her eyes. Before Eli had time to be a little abashed Margit pulled her dress, saying quite slowly, "There you see a little red-painted box; you may be sure there is something strange in it." Eli looked at it: it was a little square box, that she should like very much to have. "He does not want me to know what is in it," whispered the mother, "and he hides away the key every time." She went to some clothes that were hanging on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, looked in the watchpocket, and there was the key lying, "Come now, and you shall see," whispered she, They went quite slowly and placed themselves on their knees before the box. At the same time as the mother opened the lid a delightful perfume arose out of it, so Eli beat her hands together before she had yet seen anything. Uppermost there lay a handkerchief spread out, which the mother took aside. "Look here," whispered she, taking up a fine black silk handkerchief, not such a one as men wear. "It looks just as if it were for a girl," said the mother. Eli spread it out over her lan, looking at it, but did not say a word, "Here is one more," said the mother. Eli took it.-she could not help herself: but the mother must try it on her, though Eli did not like it, and bent her head. She did not know what she would give for such a handkerchief, but yet it was not this she was thinking of. They put them together again, but slowly. "Here you shall see," said the mother, taking up some nice silk ribbands, "It all looks as if it were for a girl." Eli turned flery red, but was silent, "Here is something

more;" the mother now took up a nice black dress. "I'm sure that's fine," said she, holding it up towards daylight. Ell's hands trembled a little. her chest was rising, she felt the blood rushing up to her head, she would like to turn away, but that would not do. "He has bought something every time he has been to town," said the mother. Ell was scarcely able to stand it any longer, her eyes ran from one thing to another in the box and turned again to the dress. She was burning hot in the face. The last thing the mother took up was lying in a naner, which they removed; it was a pair of small They had never seen anything like these choes, any of them. The mother said she did not think they could be worked. Eli did not say a word, but when she took the shoes in her hand all her five fingers were seen marked on them. "I am in a perspiration, I see," whispered she, drying herself. The mother laid the things to rights again, "Does it not look quite as if he had bought these all little by little for one he dared not give them to?" said she, looking at Eli; "in the meantime he seems to have put them here in the box." She replaced everything carefully. " Now we shall see what there is here in this small compartment at the end of the box." She opened it very slowly, as if she should see something very nice. There was lying a buckle wide and broad as if for a waistband. This was the first think Eli saw; then she saw a couple of gold rings tied together, and then a psalm-book bound in velvet with silver clasps, but she could not see any more, for she had seen pricked in on the silver of the psalm-book with very fine letters, "Eli Boen." The mother wanted her to look again, but got no answer, and presently saw tears rolling down her cheeks. Then the mother laid down the buckle she had been keeping in her hand, shut again this little compartment, turned to Eli, and took her to her

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bosom. Then the daughter wept, and the mother cried over her without any of them saying anything more. Some while after this Eli walked by herself in the

garden; the mother was busy in the kitchen, as she had something nice to prepare, for now Arne would be coming. Afterwards she went out to look at Eli in the garden; she was sitting covering down there writing names in the sand with a stick. She was sweeping it out when Margit came; she looked up and smiled; she had been crying. "Nothing to cry for, my child," said Margit, patting her cheek. "Now supper is ready, and Arne will be coming," They saw something black between the bushes up on the road. Eli stole in, the mother following her. Here was a great laving out of the table with cream pudding, smoked bacon, and fancy bread, but Eli did not look at it: she sat down on a chair yonder near the clock, trembling if she only heard a cat move. The mother stood at the table. Quick and manly stens were heard outside on the stone-flags, a short and easy step in the passage, the door opened, and Arne entered. The first thing he saw was Eli vonder near the clock. He let go the handle of the door and stood still. This made Eli still more embarassed. She rose, repented it immediately, and turned towards the wall. "Are you here?" said Arne, and became fiery red as soon as he had said these words. She lifted up one of her hands, as when the sun shines too strong in the eyes. "How are you come here?" said he, making a step or two. She dropped the hand, turned a little towards him, but bent her head, and burst into violent tears. " Why do you cry, Eli?" asked he, going up to her. She did not answer, but cried more. "God bless you, Eli!" said he, putting his hand round her waist. She leaned upon him. He whispered something into her ear: she did not answer, but took him round his

neck with both her hands.

ADMI

A long time did they remain thus; not a sound was heard sure from the waterfall, that sang its eiernal song distant and quiet. Then there was someony who cried near the table. Are looked up it was the mother, whom he had not seen before. "Now! and are you will not leave me. Arnel" said she, going towards him; she cried much, but it did here



RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

Richard Donnemon Blackmann, novelist, born at Longworth, England, in 1892, He devoted binnelf to the practice of law in 1892. He devoted binnelf to the practice of law in 1892. He devoted binnelf to another than the control of the control of the devoted binnelf control of the control of the law for the control of the control of the control of the his fame reats. This novel is one of the greatest produced in the innetenth century, and the Esmoor country overs its fascination to thousands of vilitors country overs its fascination to thousands of vilitors country overs its fascination to thousands of vilitors pen. "Cripps the Carrier," "Springhaven." and Perlycross" perhaps rank next in importance.

IN THE DOONE VALLEY

(From "Lorns Doone ")

THEN I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining (a signal arranged by the lovers), and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were flung. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled.

Curves, and mounds, and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looker, as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman. T contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited, freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost every night upon the snow, the snow itself having never thawed even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light as if all had fallen yesterday. In places where no drift had been, but rather off than on to them, three feet was the least of depth; but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel. or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-bill (as I had begun to eall it), although I never should have known it but for what it looked on. And even to now this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose of the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green now was beanowed half up the sides, and at either end, so that it was more tike the white basins wherein we boil plum-poddings. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree; all was white; and the little viere flowed beneath an arch of snow, if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps here were was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps he window would not shut, any more than mine would and perhaps she wanted biankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, that seeing no Doenes now about, and doubting if any guas would go off in this state of the weather, and lawwing that no man could eath ne up (seeep with above here were the country of the country of the state of the weather, and lawwing that no man could eath ne up (seeep with above here were the country of the coun

It beloed me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. Therefore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far adown the cliff, and saving some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream. I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer time, Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits. I made holdly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Loran had looked out of the window, she would not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J. R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snowflakes. The house was partly diried up, though not so much as ours war; and I drifted up, though not so much as ours war; and I that it was under me. At first, being pretty safe examinat interference from the other huts, by virtue

of the blinding snow and the difficulty of walking, I seamined all the windows, bit these were conted 8 ow with ice, like forms and flowers and dazgling stars, that no one could so much as guess what ingight be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying marrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know that this, whether she were there or not

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However, it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a shrill voice through the kevhole, asking, "Who's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on:

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in,

and barred the door again like lightning.
"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning, too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us he shut in here, and starving, and dursa't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaf hands she was an and as extended at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and alse set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the conner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the hest of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within uxuseff wive Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause, for Gwempy called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us, had to a chair, as white as the snow around us, with all her strength the hard brown crust of the typ-bread, white she had satched from me so

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she answered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece; I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense, and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished checks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes, She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not beln a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to cat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered, laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good cough for your mistress. Hiese heart! I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it, first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Aunie made it. That is enough to warrant it sood cooking.

And then I showed my great minee ple in a bag of tissue paper, and I told tent how the mine-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undereut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have asten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, stitting proudly unwards (to show that she was faint no more) entering into that mince pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was arriad lest hes should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of murishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorns could not help laughing at the form for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed that the plumpest and most perfect women never est so hard and fast as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the lovellest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) at up hers without whising, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of ""."

I see no way out of it. We are both to be starved until I let them do what they like with me."

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver

Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him so intensely, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny; oh, she hates him nicely then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For even if Lorna could undae up her mind to come away with me and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountained to the snow was all around us, beaped as high as mountained to the snow was all around us, beaped as high as mountained to the snow was all around us, beaped as high as mountained to the snow was all the snow and the snow was all the snow and the snow

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both gives of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down,—

If I warrant to take you safe, and without much

fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with mer-

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it, "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gwenny, have you courage for it? Will you

come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gwenny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer; if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to insure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gwenny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received from a woman of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely,-

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did, although so little dreaming it; for no Doone that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for minec-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold,—for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me, she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell,—

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it carls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are

man go home without a smoke behind him? 'I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no serious harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago they have often promised to bring it here for their candle, and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in toke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighborhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blasing red, and white, and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty like hugh of snow, but Gewmp and that the wicked men land been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit, for their fire to have vits way. And now the analysis of the control of the control

In this I saw a great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of eandles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours time, and getting more and more in drink as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, beloing the weight of the liquor; and in their follity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it. "Sweetest, in two hours' time I shall be again

with you. Keep the bar up and have Gweening ready to nawer rang one. You are safe willie they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff; and before they have done with that I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gweeniy must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait all their and then knock twice, very softly."

With this I folded her in my arms; and she looked frightened at me, not having porrevied her danger; and then I told Gwenny over again what I had told her mistress; but she only nodded her head, and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight I found that the weather, not often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming so hostile, had in the most important matter done me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparently lay through the main Donne-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durat not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-starved as well as partly frozen; and as for Greeniy's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end how to get them out; the passage by the Donnegate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the snow more and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the shortest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of avalanches so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but reveling), they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent. where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, to wit, the water-slide. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now: for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like with so much snow upon him. But to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high over head from the cliff like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the northeast wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from blocking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my waterslide was now less a slide than path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them, even while congealing; and crossed with little steps wherever the freezing torrent lingered. And here

and there the ire was fibred with the trail of studgeweed, slanting from the side, and matted, so as to make resting place.

Lo it was easy track and channel, as if for the year purpose made, down which I could guide my aledge with Lorna sitting in ii. There were only two things to be feared; one less the rolls of inow above should rall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too frast, and so be curried heady my above should rush too frast, and so be curried heady of the black whirthool at the botton, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout har across; but the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my cackenent, though her own was not moth less, I am very strict directions to Aunie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even cadeword to fatter Elkin, elst she similar ble disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about mee the former, because. I had sharp work to doe, and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great could, to my comardes. All carried some other provisions, grieving much at their codhness; and then I went to the upper linkup and took our new light pomy-sled, which had been made almost as much for plessure as for lusiness; tundo God only knows low our gris could have found any plessure in humping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I dures not take the pony with it; in the first place, because nts hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow, and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a done at the bottom of my breast, and winding the hay on the slews at little, that the housen of my breast, and winding the hay on the slews at little, that the housen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. But a good junce of spare rope in the sled, and the cross seat with the back to it, which was sturded with our own wood, as well as two or three fur contained the minute at I was starting, out came Annie, in apthe of the cold, panting for fear of missing use, and with nothing on her head, but a lantern in one was the start of the control o

"Oh, John, here is the most wonderful thing?
Mother has never shown it before; and I can't think
how she could make up her mind. She had gotten
it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and
spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worthy fifty pounds, or a
farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sled. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Ob, you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me. "Over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis: "but don't tell mother I said

so, Amie. Only thank her very kindly."
With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sled came after me as lightly as a dog might follow; and Annie with the lantern

seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the laboring trees. In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision: hills looked nigh and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock. striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own grunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-long-legs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapor glaving all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering low, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, inviting learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges. I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I bud work ecough to keep ne warm if I managed it. The question was, Could I contrive to save my darling from By

Daring not to risk my sled by any fall from the valley-ciffs, I dragged it very carefully up 'the steep incline of ice, through the narrow clasma, and so to the very braik and orege where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to Isy across from rock to rock and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sled quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack fire still was hurning strongly, but with more of heat than blane; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the varge of it, the children making rings of fare and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumitain, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest henses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of recognity of candles burning to make our list of

All these I passed without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could i eapy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment if flew inwards and I glided along the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove

me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hunds up, and a crucifix or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand citching the andle of a strugging man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the waste, and he went out of the window with a might

crosh of glass; luckly for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck, and he could not plead for merey. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood do Whicheshake. For his father's sake I sparred him, with every muscle of my body strong with index motion I can thin, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, including the control of the characteristic below, the same of the characteristic him is the same of the characteristic had been given by the characteristic h

his gushing blood did not much mislead me. It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sled, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sled, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down. Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her; and when I told her not to speak she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny

was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quice without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight throws belowind, I broke the slacks too rapid way, and bookeding the present love as refly out, by the self-sume my bords always and the left net to her girthin funny and my bords alwery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out to lighten the sked and to pash behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest laker I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farmhousing. Lorna, and pulling her to our own farmhousing.

Greeny's nose was touched with frost before we had gone much further, because she would not keep the quiet and smap beneath the sealsditu. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Isliza had taught me; and Gwenny seading all the time, as if myself had frozen it. Loran was now so fare oppressed with all the trubules of the evening and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moon-injuly—when we stole a glance at her breastil, the dark right of the cloud; and I thought that she was readen; and the stop of the cloud of the cloud of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the control of the cloud readen in the property of the cloud readen in the property of the cloud readen in the cloud readen in the property of the cloud readen in the cloud readen in the property of the cloud readen in the

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along

at a merry puece, although with many joiltings, which must have sent my during on timo the cold anow-drifts but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of namy hindrances, we came home to the old centryard, and the strength of the short of t

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sled was at the open door with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one-that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sled, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom wherever a speck of snow lay, Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keen out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin clouk, where Lorna lay unconscious and where her proclous breath hung frozen, like a silver colweb! but I caught up Betty's broom and fung it clean away over the corn-chamber; and then I put the others by and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said: "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her black hair all disheveled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weening and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taime to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. Ther be vainer vish in the zea-Lor, but her he a booty!"

With this they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and pease, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right beartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember), and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come: and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the

whiles of esting, and even while size licked the spoons and then there came a message for me that my love was sensible and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Greenay to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long app; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereton, I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the pease upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I want to ge un w den.

That sight I shall not forget till my dying head falls back and any breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Loras, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fireplace. In her eyes no knowledge was of sarything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning toward anything. Only both her lorely hands were entreating something to the lorely hands were entreating something to her only the sense of the lines of supplica-

"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and every-body knew it. Then mother came to me alone and she said, "The frost is in her brain: I have heard of this before, John." Mother, I will have it out, was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether; only you sit there and watch." For I "gelt that Lorna have me and no other soul but me; and that if not interfered with, she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And precently the glance that watched and will. And precently the glance that watched and will. And precently the glance that watched to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to be my with trust and lows, and then with suthering



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tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small, entreating hands found their way, as if by instinct, to my great protecting palms; and trembled there and rested there. For a little while we lineared thus, neither wish-

there and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyout the presence of the other; both alies of full of bops, and comfort, and true happiness, if only the world would let us be. And thee a brile pob disturbed us, and molker vaca to make besieve that the was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she amned neither frock on fire from the great ash log, and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the coloci-case pretending to be kutting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her bead, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!" And so she went to mother's heart, by the very

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.

